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THE NATIONAL ERA.

WASHINGTON, APRIL 9, 1849.

SPEECH
OF
HON. JOHN G. PALFREY, OF MASSACHUSETTS,
ON
THE TERRITORIAL GOVERNMENTS.

On the 26th of February, 1849, the Committee of the Whole House on the state of the Union (Mr. Vinton in the chair) having under consideration the bill reported by the Committee on the Territories, to establish a Territorial Government for Upper California, Mr. Palfrey spoke as follows:

Mr. Chairman: I attempted to obtain the floor at an earlier hour, on the conclusion of the remarks of the honorable gentleman from North Carolina, [Mr. Venable.] The Chair very properly assigned it to another. It is perhaps fortunate for me that I get a hearing later in the evening. I am not sorry that there has been a lull. The quiet and pacific tenor of the remarks which I propose to submit, would have been ill in accord with the rather tumultuous pitch to which the belligerent tone—the drums, trumpets, and thunder—of the gentleman from North Carolina, had excited the minds of the Committee.

Sir, we have at length reached a point which, for three years past, has with good reason been looked forward to as a critical one in the fortunes of this nation. The immediate cause of that series of transactions, at the sad conclusion of which we now find ourselves, was the unconstitutional and disastrous annexation of Texas—a measure avowedly conceived and carried out, for the further confirmation of that despotic Slave Power, which has ruled this nation with a constantly growing oppressiveness for half a century. In the further development of events, war was declared against Mexico by an overwhelming majority of this House. Of the fourteen patriotic men who recorded their names against that enormous measure, thank God, all but one-half were from the Old Bay State! It was from the beginning a war of invasion and conquest. Nobody dreamed that the ten millions of dollars and the fifty thousand volunteers were placed at the President's disposal for the rescue of General Taylor and his brave little army. Everybody knew that the reinforcement could not be put in motion in season for that object, and that, if it could, the force was wholly disproportionate to the occasion. A levy of ten millions of money and fifty thousand troops meant no less than massacre and rapine on a grand scale, to end, as the prime movers in the plot intended and expected, in the extension of slavery over vast conquered regions.

The bitter fruits of brilliant victory are now before us. Freedom is threatened with another heavy blow. The great question on the minds of men, in and out of this Capitol, since this Congress came together, has been the question whether the Free Soil thus secured shall be kept free, or handed over to the uses of slavery.

A strong feeling on this subject has manifested itself in the free States, and in some parts of them a stubborn determination to prevent the meditated wrong. On the other part, the most skilful tactics have been here put in operation, and the most novel and extraordinary doctrines advanced. Throughout the last session, I think the principal stress was laid on an argument, which—owing, very likely, to my ignorance of previous Congressional proceedings—struck me with surprise when I first heard it announced here; the argument, namely, that slaves are regarded by the Constitution of the United States as on the same footing with any other property; that that Constitution, operating on the Territories, would protect the proprietor in his possession of them as much as in the possession of his money or his cattle; and that accordingly there is no power in or under this Government to exclude slavery from the Territories. If my memory serves me, this doctrine was first introduced here by two gentlemen from Alabama, [Mr. Gayle and Mr. Hilliard.] Why, sir, to me it was enough that in the Ordinance of '87, ratified under the Federal Constitution in '89, that question had been settled by our fathers, the framers of that Constitution, while as yet the domain of our ingenious young sister in the Southwest was partly a province of the King of Spain, and partly an Indian hunting ground. If precedents can ever establish anything, the true doctrine on this subject has been established, past any danger of disturbance, by a long series of precedents, beginning sixty years ago, dating from the very birth of the Republic. The paradox, however, has been thought worthy of refutation. It has received its death-blow at much stronger hands than mine. After the able manner in which it has been treated, in particular by an eminent Senator, [Mr. Dix,] by two of my distinguished colleagues, [Mr. Hudson and Mr. Mann,] and, at the close of the last session, by the eloquent gentleman from Georgia, [Mr. Stephens,] it would be assumption in me to pretend to renew that controversy.

Yet there is one point to which I do not remember that distinct reference has been made. The champions of the *Alabamian* theory—if I may so name it to save words—maintained that, when the Constitution gave authority to Congress "to make all needful rules and regulations respecting the territory of the United States," it designed to give to Congress power over territory as consisting of public lands—power to take measures for its exploration, survey, sale, and occupation. Now, without assenting for a moment to the correctness of this postulate, I conceive that even this power would involve the power which we claim for the prohibition of slavery. In even this capacity of trustee of the public lands, Congress would not discharge its duty, if it did not put and keep them in the best condition for the most profitable occupation, sale, and use. If there were no stronger reason, Congress would be bound for this reason to forbid slavery to set its foot within them. Would Congress do its duty by them, as mere guardian and trustee, if it should admit within them a class of colonists who had a "peculiar institution" of breeding rattlesnakes, or a "peculiar institution" by which they set fire every other year to their neighbors' standing corn? Before God, I believe that the Territories would be less hurtfully dealt with by having their harvest fields burned over every second year than by having slavery introduced within their borders.

The natural and obvious way of giving a Government to California and New Mexico would have been, to follow the precedents of the Territories northwest of the Ohio, and the more recent precedent of the Oregon bill. But, to escape the force of the wholesome anti-slavery provision therein contained, we have seen all sorts of indirections successively devised, with an ingenuity and pertinacity well worthy of a better cause. Last session the *Clayton Compromise*, so called, found favor enough with the other branch to mature it for receiving its quietus at our hands, by being immediately laid on the table without debate; unexpectedly, perhaps, there was found public virtue enough here to strangle the newly hatched viper before it had time to draw a second breath in the Hall of the Representatives of freemen. The old *Missouri Compromise* has been talked of occasionally, as what the champions of slavery may, by and by, be willing to accept, when they find they can do no better; but it has not yet been found to be regarded with a sufficient favor on the other side, to authorize a distinct proposal of the plan. There was the project so much extolled on the one side, and so much berated on the other, in the late Presidential canvass, for allowing the inhabitants of the Territories themselves to settle the question—in other words, allowing the first few thousands, who might chance to emigrate, to establish an organic law for the hundreds of thousands who should follow, and determine a vast issue, vitally affecting the political condition and safety of the millions of us who should remain at our homes.

Then there are the schemes—all amounting to about the same thing as the last—of the Senator from Illinois [Mr. Douglas] and the gentleman from Alabama [Mr. Hilliard] for erecting the Territories forthwith into States, so that, uncontrolled by the General Government, they may permit or exclude slavery, according to their own discretion, or rather according to the will of the new citizens from the South, who would crowd into them with the view of determining their policy. The gentleman from Virginia, [Mr. Preston,] improving on this project, and proposing to form but one State of the whole territory, finds no difficulty in the fact that his State will have an extent of between five and six hundred[*] thousand square miles, and that its population, so suitable, from its compactness, as well as from its acquaintance with the rights and duties of American citizens, to carry on a Government, might, for every three square miles, have about one inhabitant. And now, if report says true—for I must take care not to be unparliamentary—an expectation is entertained in another part of this Capitol, of defeating the purpose of the free North, by an appendage to the Civil and Diplomatic Appropriation bill. It is said that that irregularity, always most objectionable, but of which, it is true, there are examples, of inserting other matter in a money bill, (which ought to be confined to putting the Treasury in the possession of means to meet claims previously authorized by law,) is now to be carried to an extent altogether unparallelled and outrageous. It is said that there is a plan of this kind on foot, [Mr. Senator Walker's amendment to the Appropriation bill,] to surrender to slavery, by surrendering to Texas all the territory of New Mexico east of the Rio Grande; to establish a Territorial Government over the rest of the newly-acquired provinces, without any restriction like that of the Ordinance of '87; to invest the President with almost unlimited power therein, Legislative and Judicial, as well as Executive; and, by providing for the protection of the coastwise slave trade, to give slavery a secure footing on the soil.

All these contrivances tend to one and the same object. It is to introduce slavery into the newly acquired territory, and so to fortify and perpetuate the slavery element in the administration of the Government of this country. Warned equally by past experience and by the anxiety which we now see manifested and the artifices practiced to bring about this result, we, on the other hand, who stand for the rights of freedom, can be content with no evasions, no silence, no ambiguities, no postponements. We can be satisfied with nothing but positive legal prohibition of slavery, after the manner of our ancestors in the better days of the Republic. With anything short of that, we know full well that when it is too late we shall find ourselves circumvented and baffled, as we have so often been before.

I cannot be expected so much as to glance at all the topics of argument which have been presented in this long discussion. I shall but ask the attention of the Committee to two or three of those which have been made most prominent.

We have been told, over and over again, that slavery is *a local institution*, with which we of the free States have nothing to do. Sir, have we nothing to do with the Government under which we live? Is it no concern of ours who constitute that Government? Is it none of our business what shall be the policy of its administration? These Territories are in the course of time to become States; and in whatsoever State slavery exists, however small the minority of slaveholders as compared with their non-slaveholding fellow-citizens, from that State—so insidious is the working of the system—you may be all but sure that the Representatives sent to both branches of the National Congress will be slaveholders themselves, or if, in rare cases, not so, will at least be representatives of the interests of slavery. There may be occasional exceptions. I trust that, in future, there will be not a few. But the rule is undoubtedly as I have stated it. Admit slavery within those Territories now, and they will by and by be slave States, represented by slaveholders in the Senate of the Union, and helping to uphold in that branch that same course of *caste* legislation, which has long excited so much reasonable discontent, and which has done so much to arouse the feeling of the present day. Admit slavery within them, and by an altogether unanticipated extension of the great compromise of the Constitution, you promote the free citizen of New Mexico and California to a degree of power not possessed by the citizen of the free States in the constitution of this body, and in the election of the Chief Executive Magistrate. For reasons deemed sufficient, it was agreed that there should be a representation here of three-fifths of a population who have no political rights, and whose vote is given by their masters; so that if, under the present ratio of representation, there should be a district in this country with a population consisting of ten thousand free people and a hundred thousand slaves, the ten thousand freemen in that district would have as much weight in the councils of the nation as seventy thousand freemen in my district, or in any other of the free States of the North. And accordingly it has come to pass that the State of South Carolina, with a free population not so great as that of the State of New Hampshire or Connecticut, and not three-quarters as great as the city of New York, has seven representatives on this floor, while New Hampshire, Connecticut, and New York city, have but four each. This was so nominated in the bond, and we submit to it without complaint, though not without a sense of the hardship. But now you propose to us to agree—or, rather, you say it shall be, whether we agree or not—that this singular, and, on all abstract grounds, indefensible arrangement, having no force nor reason of any kind beyond the limits within which it was originally applied, shall be extended to other communities, whose power, exerted in this way, is to be brought into the direction of our national affairs. No, sir, we can agree and we can submit to no such thing. Except so far as we have compromised away our rights, we must insist on still having *them*. We must insist that no section of this country shall have such a political precedency over another. We must insist that a freeman in Massachusetts shall weigh for as much in the political scale as a freeman at Santa Fe or San Francisco. We cannot consent so to settle our conquered provinces that a freeman in them, because he owns (as it is called) five slaves, shall, in the administration of the Government which is over us both, have four votes where we have but one. This was not the entertainment to which the Constitution of our fathers invited us. What we have stipulated to do, in the surrender of our natural rights, we will do, sorrowfully, it may be, but faithfully. Beyond that line, it is idle to expect us to go.

So much, and more of the same kind, have we of the free States to do with the introduction of slavery into California and New Mexico, if we stay at home. But suppose we wish to visit those regions. If we keep them free, we can go thither with the full privilege of speaking and publishing our mind on all matters of interest whatsoever. If we have allowed slavery to go thither first, we must go to a suspension of our much-valued freedom of speech and freedom of the press, as far as the great question of the age is concerned. We shall not then be able to speak or print respecting slavery there, except at extreme peril of life and limb. With part of us, it will fare worse yet. If we allow slavery to get into these provinces, part of our number must give up the idea of going thither on any terms—to be ever so silent or ever so submissive. The men and women of South Carolina come to Massachusetts, and we welcome them to our simple hospitality. We treat them as well as we know how; if it is not very well, their magnanimity will pardon something to the scantiness of our means, and the homeliness of our breeding. Men and women of Massachusetts go to South Carolina; they are taken from the ships before landing; they are imprisoned; they are scourged; they are sold, they and theirs, into life-long bondage. Admit slavery into California, and California, as to this matter, will become for us another Carolina. When the acquisition of it from Mexico was talked of as a desirable thing, we of New England were addressed with the argument of what a convenience a few ports in the North Pacific would be to our whale ships. They would be a convenience, or not, according to circumstances. I think I have understood my friend and colleague [Mr. Grinnell] to say, that there are not fewer than fifteen hundred colored seamen in the whale ships from his district, and among them are some mates, and even masters of vessels. It is rather too much to expect of them, or of us, to consent to the establishment of such a Government in California, that they would have to meet at San Francisco the reception which now awaits them at Charleston. I think we shall hardly agree so to settle those Territories that our State agents shall be driven from them as from Carolina, or that in them, as in Carolina, we shall be despoiled of our right of a hearing in the Federal Courts.

But suppose we want not only to visit, but to emigrate, what then? Sir, gentlemen from the South talk of our excluding them from the Territories by excluding slavery. The truth is, they would exclude us, if they should be allowed to introduce it. They speak of our designing to dispossess them of their share in the common property; their plan would absolutely defraud us of ours. Let slavery get a footing on the land, and we could not go thither; that is, we could not go, remaining such persons as we are; we could not go, retaining our identity. In what capacity should we go? Should we go to join the class of slaveholders? Mr. Chairman, let large allowance be made for influences acting on the minds of men born and educated in the midst of slavery, and by long familiarity blinded to its character. So much as that is required by liberality—nay, by justice. But, as to the different case I am supposing, there are thousands in the free North who would say, that a son of ours, born of a New England mother, nourished at a New England bosom, baptized in a New England church, bred at a New England school, that he should go from a New England home to be a buyer and seller of men and women—there are thousands, yes, tens, hundreds of thousands, who would say, let us follow him to his grave first!

Shall we, then, and our sons and brothers, when slavery has been established in California and New Mexico, go thither to be non-slaveholders? That would be to lose our identity just as much. That would be to abandon the character of the independent, well-informed, self-respecting yeoman as we see him in the North, for that of the very different specimen of humanity known as the *mean white man*, the *poor buckra*, in the Southern States. The laboring man of New England is any man's equal. His occupation is esteemed honorable. His mind is instructed. His sober, methodical, industrious habits are such as sustain self-respect, and claim respect from others. While the estimation in which his employment is held, and the compensation which remunerates it, give him enough for contentment, there is no public elevation to which he may not aspire for himself and his. The public offers to his children an education—not as a boon, but as their birthright—such as enables them to start from the same level as the richest in the race for the high prizes of society. Will you ask such a man to cast in his lot with the poor, shiftless, lazy, uninstructed, cowed non-slaveholder of the South?—a character, I am far from saying universal, with that class of men—for there are happy natures, which are able to rise above disadvantages of position—but far too common for our people to take the chance of falling into it. Will you propose to our Northern laboring farmer or mechanic to emigrate to a region of which you have told the whole story when you have said, that because slavery exists there, labor cannot be honorable, and there can be no common schools? No, sir; let not gentlemen say that we are designing to banish them from these territories. It is we whom they propose to banish. We and ours have a right to find new homes there, if we will. But it is utterly to deprive us of that right to say that, in order to do so, we must convert ourselves from what we are into slaveholders, or else into that only other class of white men who can live by the slaveholder's side. We can do neither the one nor the other. If we and ours incline to emigrate, we must do it, being what we are. The right is ours, and we cannot consent to have it embarrassed with conditions which would make it wholly worthless, and the same as if it were not.

Again, gentlemen are fond of charging us with raising a *sectional question*. They say that we are pressing a controversy between North and South, and they undertake to rebuke us in the words of the Father of the Country in his Farewell Address. This charge of exciting sectional divisions makes the great staple of not a few speeches which I have heard in this House, and it colors the whole tissue of the two famous Addresses recently put forth from the secret nightly conclave in this Capitol. Sir, I deny utterly the correctness of this representation. So far as I am concerned, the abettors of slavery shall have no advantage from a statement so entirely unfounded in point of fact. This is no question between the North and the South. It is a question between a comparatively small number of slaveholders living in the South on the one side, and, on the other, the vast majority of American freemen, who hold no slaves, living both at the South and the North. Who are these gentlemen that assume to put themselves in the place of the Southern section of the United States, and to say, when they cannot have their way, that the South is assailed? Do they constitute the whole population of the South, that they pretend thus to identify themselves with it? Do they constitute the greatest part of it? How many are there? The whole number of free white population south of Mason and Dixon's line, in 1840, was 4,809,187; the whole number of slaveholders among them cannot possibly exceed 300,000. With what face does such a mere fraction of a population undertake to speak for the whole, and to complain that a sectional question is moved, when only the encroachments of one limited interest within that section are resisted? No, sir; the slaveholders of the South are not the South; far from it. And not only are they not the South, but they represent an interest absolutely antagonistic and hostile to the interest and welfare of that large majority of the citizens of the South that do not hold slaves—an interest altogether more opposed to the well-being of Southern non-slaveholders, than to the well-being of citizens of the Northern States. We of the North have great reason to complain of slavery. It has done and does us great and grievous injustice. But it does not control our State Governments, and to that extent make us its slaves. It does not, by its presence among us, make our honest industry disreputable. It does not strike the bread of knowledge from our lips. All this it does for the Southern non-slaveholder. And yet, when we undertake to resist some new impudent pretension which it puts forth, we are to be complained of as raising a sectional question, and encroaching on the South, a vast majority of whose citizens are far more wronged by it than ourselves.

No, sir, I repeat it; this is no question between North and South. It is a question simply between the friends of Slavery and the friends of Liberty, South as well as North. The Southern non-slaveholders belong of right to our party—the party of the free. That is their natural position, and they are on their way to find it. The same abominable power which annoys us and insults humanity, grinds them in the dust. They are about to understand this, unless promising signs deceive. And when they do, and have learned to speak for themselves, we shall see how long it will be that slaveholders will continue to call themselves *the South.*

And before leaving this topic, I will venture to appeal to the generosity and justice of gentlemen from the South to help us keep these territories free from slavery, out of regard to the interests of their own constituents, little as they may care about the interests and wishes of ours. Gentlemen, many of your fellow-citizens love slavery. They have plenty of room to enjoy it within the limits of the States which you represent. Let them stay there and enjoy it to their full content. Others do not love slavery, but they love Southern habits of life in other respects, and a Southern climate. Here you have an opportunity to consult their welfare, at the same time that you allow us our rights. Here, if you will but permit it, your kindred and neighbors may build new homes beneath a Southern sky, with everything Southern about them, except only that feature of Southern life which now disturbs and harms them. Keep such an asylum open, and numbers of your compatriots, increasing year by year, will thank you for your provident care. I presume you know—for I do, with less opportunities than yours—of slaveholders, who long to escape from slavery, to get out of the reach of sight and hearing of its woes, to rear their children beyond the influence of its blight—but to whom the change of climate, and of habits incident to climate, would involve so great a sacrifice as to forbid their transferring themselves to a Northern home. Do not insist on closing against such the gates of the welcome City of Refuge which awaits them in these fair territories. How large this class may be now, I do not know. But I have no doubt that it is to be a pretty rapidly increasing one, and accordingly as you deal justly or wrongfully by them in this matter, you will be in the way, before long, of hearing pretty loud commendations or complaints, from quarters to which you will not be indifferent.

But, if this is the case with some of your slave holding neighbors, the number of your non-slaveholding constituents, for whom you are bound to make this provision, is far greater. The gentleman from North Carolina [Mr. Clingman] told us, last winter, that "a very large proportion of the emigration of the old Southern States goes into the free States of the Northwest;" and he added, that he had observed this to be "eminently true of the North Carolina emigrants." This unquestionable tendency is illustrated by the facts relating to the locations of land warrants for services in the late war, as presented in the recent Report of the War Department. It appears, that of about 12,000 warrants taken out, only 1,750 were for locations in the slave States. Undoubtedly the proportion of Southern troops entitled to those warrants was far greater than that of 1,750 to 12,000. Gentlemen, what do you understand this to mean? The way I understand it is this: that a large proportion of your own constituents, when they seek a new home, want to find one which the plague of slavery will not infest. They want to go where the food of the intellect and of the soul is within reach; where they may claim for themselves and theirs the rights of their manhood unabridged; where an idle despotism is not the condition of honor, nor toil confounded with servitude, nor industrious usefulness a badge of disgrace. But to do this, they must now betake themselves to the hardships of unaccustomed modes of life, and to the rigor of a Northern sky. Gentlemen, might it not be worth your while to have some consideration for their case? Might it not be well for you to permit them to occupy those congenial abodes on conditions such as they desire? What rights have you there, that these constituents of yours have not as much, or more? Is it not a very reasonable claim of theirs, that in these regions, unexpectedly opened to their occupation, you should permit them to enjoy at once the luxurious climate to which they have been used, and the free institutions which they deem essential to their welfare? Will you do well to take it upon you to resist that claim?

Mr. Chairman, we have become quite used to being threatened that if we persist in asserting the rights of freedom in the government of this country, we shall be defeated and punished by an overthrow of the Constitution and a *dissolution of the Union.* I do not propose to enter largely into that subject. Gentlemen will not be surprised to hear me say that we listen to such forebodings with utter incredulity. At another period, when the same rhetoric was rife, and when our institutions were far less consolidated than now, Mr. Jefferson very wisely said, "I do not believe there is a Government on earth established on so immovable a basis. Let them in any State, even in Massachusetts itself, raise the standard of separation, and its citizens will rise in a mass, and do justice to themselves on their own incendiaries." As long ago as 1835, in an article reproduced in a late famous Address, it was announced by the Charleston newspaper organ of Mr. Calhoun, who has the unfortunate eminence in the popular mind of being the source of these so often abortive movements, that if "the Legislatures of Pennsylvania, Massachusetts, and New York, should adjourn without passing laws for the suppression of the Abolition societies," that would be "the proper time for a Convention of the slaveholding States," to "embody and make known the sentiments of the whole South, and contain the distinct annunciation of our fixed and unalterable determination to obtain the redress of our grievances, be the consequences what they may." The article was entitled, as usual, "The Crisis;" but the crisis passed harmlessly away. The Legislatures adjourned without enacting any such laws, but the threatened Convention never met; and fourteen years have since come and gone, with the Union as unbroken as ever. Those fourteen years have not only witnessed no disruption, nor even serious symptom of such a calamity, but they have wrought out a softened and more enlightened tone of public sentiment, South as well as North. Why, sir, what better proof do we need of this than the miserable failure of the late attempt, made in this Capitol, to marshal a force for treason, and overawe the deliberations of this Hall? It came to nothing, under the coldness and the frowns of the patriotic Southern men who had been counted on to sustain it. I read in the newspapers that the honorable gentleman from Kentucky near me, [Mr. Morehead,] when asked what he would do if the Wilmot Proviso should become a law for the new Provinces, replied, that his arm should wither from its socket, before he would lift it against the Union of the States. I know nothing of the truth of that story, but I believe it, because it is in accordance with what I have observed of that gentleman's excellent head and heart. A published letter has just reached us from the centre of Louisiana, signed by a citizen of eminence in that State, [Mr. R. B. Brashear,] himself a slaveholder, and, as I understand, a delegate to the Convention at Philadelphia which nominated the President elect. In a course of most judicious and patriotic remarks on the great question of the day—remarks, altogether appropriate, I will not say to a Northern, but to an American freeman—the writer asks, "with what face can we propose to our Northern brethren the extension of this political evil and this moral wrong, over new territory?" "As a Southerner," he says, "I disavow the choice which these self-elected representatives of Southern opinion have promulgated as ours; as a patriot, I reprobate their course, and prefer the enfranchisement of the soil of California to this avowal of a want of attachment to the Union being accepted by our brethren of the North as the reflex of Southern sentiment." And referring to the language "'The South will accept' of this, or else the bayonet—'the South is willing' for that, or else the bayonet," he adds, "For the South I repudiate it utterly, totally, and look upon its authors as *mad*, if heated by heartless assaults, *as traitors*, if cool and deliberate." Can such indications—I will not multiply them, though I might—be mistaken? No; the leaders in the politics of the slave States would not dissolve the Union, if they could. Whatever might be the passions and the temerity of some of them, they would be overruled by the better judgment and temper of the rest. They could not do it, if they would. I speak not of any coercion on our part. We should not have to raise a regiment, or equip a ship. We should only have to leave them to the care of their own fellow-citizens. In common times, from the force of habit and other obvious causes, the great non-slaveholding majority of freemen in the slave States are willing to be led by their richer and better educated neighbors, and even to act upon the prejudices, jealousies, and passions, which these instil. But let a question of the overthrow of our constitution of government seriously break out, and the charm would presently be broken. The agitation of that question would speedily enlighten the non-slaveholder as to his position, his interest, and his rights. In a very short time he would be prepared to say—If you tell us that your slave property and the Federal Union cannot subsist together, and that therefore the Union must be broken up, we can only say that, if we must admit your fact, we come to a different conclusion; if it be so, we will have no slavery among us; the Union must be kept harmless, at all events. And a non-slaveholding majority at the polls of six to one would settle that question very decidedly and very peaceably. The issue would probably be somewhat delayed, but violent measures would have to wait for it; discussion—the discussion which seditious movements would draw out—would help it on rapidly; and come before long it would.

Mr. Chairman, there has crept of late into this discussion a style of remark which I cannot think will be found to afford any valuable illustration to an argument of such strictly practical and present importance. Gentlemen incline to invite us to the investigation of historical problems, and seem to imagine that if they can point out some fault in our ancestors, they do something towards refuting our reasonings, and barring our claim for our rights. The gentleman from Virginia, [Mr. Bedinger,] the same who was pleased to refer to me as "the Anacharsis Cloots of the present day," spoke of Massachusetts—in the use of a somewhat violent hyperbole—as the State where "witches, and Indians, and Quakers, and Catholics, and other such heretics, were, 'in the brave days of old,' burned literally by the cord;" a violent hyperbole, I venture to call it, inasmuch as, to say nothing of burnings "literally by the cord," no heretic or other obnoxious person, of the descriptions specified, or of any other, was ever burned in Massachusetts. It is sadly true that two Quakers and several reputed witches were executed in that colony; and that other Quakers were very harshly treated for what was esteemed disturbance of the peace of the jurisdiction, and for returning after having been banished from it. The superstition of witchcraft was the dismal error of the times; and our ancestors, not being wiser than the wisest of their contemporaries, on either side of the water, had their full share in the delusion. Does the gentleman from Virginia suppose that, if he had lived in the seventeenth century, he would have seen deeper into things than Sir Edward Coke and Sir Matthew Hale? His modesty, I am sure, would forbid the thought. Yet those sages of the law held the same doctrine on the subject of witchcraft as the Massachusetts fathers, and expounded and administered it in the Court of the King's Bench. And let me tell the gentleman that in that awfully dark passage of our early history all is not darkness. In one view it appears lighted up with a lurid, indeed, but with a majestic blaze. If this witchcraft madness has left a peculiar blot upon the history of Massachusetts, it is because of this great difference between her people and that of other communities whose annals bear no such stain, viz: that what both alike professed to believe, the former more consistently and honestly acted out. Deplore as we may the grievous infatuation, still more even than we lament and condemn that, we find cause to applaud the brave and constant spirit that would never quail before the awful delusion that possessed it. It was no less than the Powers of Darkness that these men believed to be in arms against them. And they did not shrink even from that contest; they feared neither man nor the devil; they feared nothing but God. They imagined the Prince of Hell, with his legions, to be among them, "the sacramental host of God's elect," seeking among them whom he might devour; and they gave place to him for subjection—no! not for an hour. Set upon by invisible and supernatural foes, they thought of nothing but stern defiance, deadly battle, and the victory which God would give his people. They would have made bare the arm of flesh against the Serpent in bodily presence, could he have put on an assailable shape. As it was, they let it fall without mercy on those whom they understood to be his emissaries.[*]

I deplore with the gentleman the severities practiced on the Quakers, though he is mistaken in supposing that they were "burned by the cord," or that they were burned at all. I defend no bigotry in any men or in any age. But undoubtedly some difference must be allowed to exist between the orderly, industrious Quaker philanthropist of the present day and the madman of two centuries ago with whom the Massachusetts colonists had to deal; and perhaps the duty of toleration, comprehensive though it be, stops somewhere short of allowing men and women, for conscience' sake, to run, as naked as they were born, through the streets and into the churches; or, at all events, does not require the permitting of people to gain a name like Abraham's by sacrificing their own sons, as one of the Quakers, in 1658, was proceeding to do, when his neighbors, alarmed by the boy's cries, broke into the house in time to rescue him. When the Quakers found out the Massachusetts people in their distant hiding-place from the storm—the "outside of the world," as they called it—they contented themselves with merely sending them back by the vessels which had brought them, thinking that both might live more satisfactorily if they lived apart. The Quakers returned, and were sent away a second time. A third time they came. Severer penalties were then resorted to. They were such as did not touch life, but they were too harsh to carry the public opinion along with them, and recourse was again had to a removal of the offensive visitants out of the jurisdiction. It failed; and at length, by the majority of a single voice, the General Court passed that law denouncing the punishment of death against Quakers *returned from banishment*, which has had its chief life in history, for it was repealed almost as soon as enacted. The whole contest, from first to last, continued about four years, when a more humane policy, never since disturbed, possessed itself of the public councils.

And possibly there is another view of this subject of the religious intolerance of the Massachusetts fathers, to which the attention of the gentleman from Virginia may not have been carefully directed. Without doubt he remembers the record of Lord Clarendon, that the Royal Commissioners, sent out in 1664, found the Northern Colonies already "hardened into Republics." They had been a short time hardening. What hardened them so fast? Perhaps few things more than the jealous and rigid pertinacity with which they adhered to their theory of exclusion from political fellowship of all who might have used such power to strangle their embryo Commonwealth. It will not do to look upon the Massachusetts fathers as a set of heady zealots, careful only to have their own way in religion, without regard to consequences, and that way not a very wise one. There were cool and far-sighted statesmen at the helm. King or Protector to the contrary notwithstanding, they meant to have a Republic; and they had it virtually from the first, exercising with the utmost freedom all attributes of sovereignty, though avoiding all ostentation of it with the utmost address. They were not so unfit for their delicate work, as to be willing to commit power to any one who would have used it to obstruct their object, or even who would not sympathize with them in hearty zeal for its accomplishment. They meant that no man attached to the Monarchy of England, through attachment to its Church, (whether that should turn out to be Papal or Episcopal,) should have a particle of power to annoy them in the prosecution of their great work; and therefore, if such a man was to live among them at all, they would have him the subject, not the sharer, of *their* Government. Dexterity as well as nerve was required to play so critical a game; and little fit would they have been to win it, if they had volunteered to show their hands to his Majesty's Privy Council. To exclude or keep down churchmen, and at the same time dispense from the like disabilities others who were equally dissenters from their own doctrine and rule, would have been to deprive their act of all color, even if otherwise it would have perfectly answered their end. Taking advantage of their reputation abroad for acting under impulses which observers less sagacious than themselves supposed to be the only ones that had power over their minds, they cut off indiscriminately those who did not love their creeds from all participation in their Government, and were quite willing that others should be stupid enough to ascribe to a stupid bigotry of theirs a system of administration which, had it been seen to be prompted, as in part at least it appears to have been, by the profoundest policy, would have brought down on them too soon the hard and heavy hand of England. So they had their own way, without any one in their own circle to mar it. So they consolidated their institutions, till, by the time when the second generation came forward, they had "hardened into Republics." So they kept up and bequeathed the intense and constant spirit they had brought with them. So they stood quietly by their arms, to watch the signs of the times, and do what, from one time to another, might be needful for the keeping of the treasure they had no mind to part with. So they were ready to depose and imprison a King's Governor, as they actually did in Boston in 1688; and if matters had then gone otherwise in England, they might possibly have antedated the Revolution by nearly a century. So they built firm the foundations of the Commonwealths which at length did the part of New England in the war of Independence. Blot the franchise laws and the rest of this intolerant legislation of the Massachusetts colonists out of history—open the door for the emissaries of Strafford and Laud into the council chambers of the New England Puritans—and possibly the other Colonies might have had to wait somewhat longer for their independence; possibly at this time the history, not only of one continent, but of both, might not have read as it now reads.[*]

Three days ago, Mr. Chairman, we heard another strain from the Ancient Dominion, unlike to that on which I have now been slightly commenting. I listened with the delight which such graceful eloquence has the power to give, and certainly not without my share of the emotion which was stirred in every hearer. I trust that it was not a mere transient pleasure, but that I was warmed with something of the patriotic spirit which the gentleman [Mr. McDowell] so powerfully exhorted us to cultivate. So far as that effect was produced, I shall be only the better qualified to sustain those views of the public well-being and honor of which I have occasionally come forward here as the very humble advocate. Admiring the elevated and generous tone of many of that gentleman's remarks, there were yet some things I could have wished otherwise, independent of his argument on the particular question now in hand, which of course did not satisfy me. I cannot specify them as I would, the speech not having yet appeared in print, and the immediate excitement of the pleasure it afforded having been such as to prevent a careful weighing—still more, a clear remembrance—of its reasonings and language. One remark in particular fell on my ear as a discord in the general harmony of its praiseworthy tone of sentiment. I think the gentleman presented some antithesis such as this: that the people to whom I belong managed to make a pecuniary capital out of slavery in former times, and political capital now. Sir, there are those who could teach the gentleman somewhat to qualify his views about uncompromising hostility to slavery being a sure way to lay up "political capital." And as to the "pecuniary capital" supposed to have been made by Massachusetts from slavery a hundred years ago, I will say no more than that, while at that period she was perhaps not much wiser on this subject than her neighbors, one thing she has always done—she has always held her eyes wide open to the light; she has always greeted new truth, and promptly adopted and acted on it when made known. Can Virginia say as much? Will the gentleman affirm it of her? And will he sustain the assertion by a comparison of what she now is with what she was when she helped to win the Independence and establish the Constitution of these States?

The gentleman thinks that Virginia laid Massachusetts under an obligation of gratitude and affection by her sympathy and aid in the disastrous time of the Boston Port Bill. I think she did, and that the debt is mutual, at least. Does the gentleman suppose that the distresses incurred by Massachusetts at the period of which he speaks were solely for objects of her own, or that the exertions made by Virginia and others of her sister colonies—whether regarded as made in her behalf, or for the common cause, for which she was standing the foremost champion—were anything more than mitigations of her woe? When James Otis argued in the Old State House against the Writs of Assistance, and "then and there," according to John Adams, the "child Independence was born," for whom was that birth—for Massachusetts or for America? When from her Faneuil Hall and the meetings of her village democracies the gauntlet was thrown down to the tremendous power of England, was Massachusetts alone in the prospect of advantage from that strife, or only most forward in its perils? When the vindictive "Port Bill," to which the gentleman referred, took effect, was it some Virginian city, or was it Boston, the chief mart of the continent, that saw its prosperity made desolation, and the grass springing in its streets? And if Massachusetts did incur a debt for the sympathy and succors which, as the gentleman correctly states, she then received, I think she paid some instalments of it when she bore the first furious brunt of the battle on her own soil—when she sent nearly one soldier in every three to the armies of the Revolution, furnishing more troops than all the six slave States put together in the proportion of more than eight to seven—and when the excess of her payments into the common Treasury for the prosecution of the war, over and above what she drew from it, was greater than that of the aggregate of her twelve sister States.

The gentleman should be better acquainted than myself, Mr. Chairman, with the history of the great State which he represents. And yet I cannot entirely acquiesce in the distinction he has drawn—not original with him, I am aware—between the settlers of Virginia and of Massachusetts, as representatives respectively of the Cavaliers and Roundheads of the old country. I remember that Captain Smith, the man who saved the first company of Virginian planters from self-destruction, said of them, that "a great part were unruly sparks, packed off by their friends to escape worse destinies at home; many were poor gentlemen, broken tradesmen, rakes and libertines, footmen, and such others as were much fitter to spoil and ruin a Commonwealth, than to help to raise or maintain one." Sir, I am far from imagining that this is a matter of the slightest account at the present time. The founders of Rome have no very good repute in history, and we do not think the less of the heroes and sages of the great times of the sublime Republic, because of the equivocal characters of the original fountains of their generous blood. But if we are summoned perforce to the school of the historic Muse, it is meet that we give heed to her lessons. And on the other hand—a thing now of equally little moment—not a few of the Roundhead Massachusetts founders were of the noble and the gentle blood of England. There were scholars from her great universities; in twenty years from her first settlement, there were as many graduates of Oxford and Cambridge in Massachusetts as in old England, in proportion to the population. There were captains from the famous fields of Europe, courtiers from its capitals, delicate women from the luxury of its ancient feudal halls, "coming," as the contemporary chronicler said, "from a paradise of plenty and pleasure in the family of nobles, to a wilderness of wants." This is a matter now of just as little importance as the other; but when challenged about the past, even the ground of such conventionalities is not one which we of Massachusetts have the slightest reluctance to explore.

And, sir, when the gentleman, calling up affecting reminiscences of the past, appealed to us of Massachusetts to be faithful to the obligations of patriotism, I repeat, that I trust his language fell profitably as well as pleasantly on my ear. He has reminded us of our stern but constant ancestry. I hope we shall be true to their great mission for Freedom and Right, and all the more true for having listened to his own impressive exhortation. The gentleman remembers the declaration of Hume, that "it was to the Puritans that the people of England owed its liberties." May their race never desert that work, as long as any of it is left to do! Sir, as I come of a morning to my duties here, I am apt to stop before the picture in your rotundo of the departure from Delft Haven of that vessel, "freighted with the best hopes of the world," and refresh myself by looking in the faces of four ancestors of my own, depicted by the limner in the group on that dismal deck—the brave and prudent leader of the company, his head and knee bowed in prayer—his faithful partner, blending in her mild but care-worn countenance the expression of the wife, the parent, the exile, and the saint—the young maiden and the youth, going out to the wide sea and the wide world, but already trained to masculine endurance and "perfect peace" by the precious faith of Christ. Not more steadfast than those forlorn wanderers were the men, who, in the tapestried chambers of England's great sway, with stout sword on thigh, and a stouter faith in the heart, and the ragged flags of Cressy, and Agincourt, and the Armanda, above their heads,

> —"Sat with Bibles open, around the council board,
> And answered a king's missive, with a stern, 'Thus saith the Lord.'"

Not hardier were they, who in the iron squadrons of Fairfax and Cromwell, had many a hard trot on many a hot and dusty day to get so much as a sight of the backs of those silk and velvet Cavaliers, of whom the eloquent gentleman discoursed with so much unction.

Sir, the spirit of that stubborn race, if somewhat softened by the change in manners and the lapse of time, is not yet extinct in their children. The gentleman is welcome, for me, to have very little respect for any who, in his language, have "made capital" of one kind or another out of human slavery. But I ask him, did the Roundheads ever flinch when battle was to be done for freedom? Sir, I live in the midst of the scenes of his last bloody struggle for that cause. Humble as I am, I am honored to represent the men who till the earliest battle fields of American Independence. As I sit in my door of a still summer evening, I hear the bells from Lexington Common. The shaft over the sacred ashes of Bunker Hill rises within three miles of my windows. I leave my home, and in an hour I stand by the ruined abutments of old Concord Bridge, and the green graves of the first two British victims in the hecatombs of the Revolution. Representing, however feebly, such a people in lineage and in office—warned by the lessons and the present monuments of such a history—is it for me to think of helping to extend the foul curse of slavery over another foot of God's fair earth? No; "here I stand; I can do no otherwise; may God help me."[*] I boast no courage; I fear I might turn out to be no better than a fearful man; but I do trust that every drop of thin blood in these old veins of mine, would be freely given to stain the scaffold, or boil and bubble at the stake, before, by any act of my doing, the slavery of my brother man should take another forward step on free American soil.

Mr. Chairman, the gentleman knows that the people of Virginia in her best days bitterly complained of the arbitrary course of the parent Government, in fixing upon them this miserable institution against their will. Is he willing in this more enlightened nineteenth century—is he willing, as a Legislator of this pattern Republic—to inflict the same cruelty on a people just beginning to be, and awaiting its destiny for ages at our harsh or merciful hands? Is he willing to bring on himself and us the curse of the coming generations of that people to the end of time?

[Mr. Palfrey was proceeding to enlarge on this point, when the Chairman's hammer fell.]

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[*] 526,000 square miles, exclusive of the country claimed by Texas east of the Rio Grande.

[*] The train of thought and part of the language here are the same as in a passage of a Semi-Centennial Discourse delivered by the speaker, in 1844, before the Massachusetts Historical Society.

[†] The same view of this subject was presented in an article furnished by the speaker, in 1837, to the North American Review.

[*] Luther.

A CINCINNATI STREET SKETCH.

We transfer the following to the *Mercury*, from the local column of the *Globe*. This department of that paper is under the charge of Mr. William S. Sperry, and this is one of the unstudied, but vraisemblable and touching morceaux, which drop from his pen almost as carelessly and lavishly as sweetest music from the throat of the mocking bird. Had the writer a position, and his mind a substratum of more sobriety, and his character a stronger fibre, and his life a better-felt and more distinct object, he might do that in letters of which his country would one day be proud. As it is, we know of very few writers who can surpass him "in his vein."

"Some of our readers may have seen, two or three weeks ago, about the streets, a poor, pale, stooping Italian, with a consumptive organ, on which he ground out such melancholy tunes as 'Ranz Des Vaches,' 'Adeste Fideles,' and the 'Copenhagen Waltz.' He had with him a slim slip of a woman, who wore a wry-looking excuse for a dress, had a particular oh-dear sort of a countenance, and held a collecting tambourine with a sort of I'll-be-satisfied-with-anything air, which was extremely calculated to make one feel in his pocket for coppers, because he would not think of giving a half dime. There was, besides this lazaronish woman, a little pimpled, eerish-looking girl, about two hands and a half high, who looked as if she might be sixty years old, for all anybody knew to the contrary. With her blue lips and clear, skinny eyes, she looked as if she was tradition of some evil import, a sort of dolorous prophecy, and kept sawing away on a miniature violin, which wheezed like an asthmatic splinter on a picket fence. A desolate looking trio were they, the man and his organ, the slipsey woman, and the ominous girl, who delighted in discord and Adeste Fideles. We had a melancholy satisfaction in looking at them, for they had a harmonious development, like a man with a wry neck, bow legs, and a squint in one eye.

"Well, yesterday we heard the old tune, wheezing away in the bright sunshine, with an additional touch of pulmonary consumption, a sort of faintness, as if its bowels were giving way under some softening emotion, like cat-gut under the operation of vinegar; an increment of grief imposed upon its melancholy, like a tear on the chek of Dante. We missed the violin and its usual queezy complaint, and, looking from the window, we saw that the little girl was not there. The violin lay sorrowfully on the top of the organ, and silently, as if it would whisper lovingly to it, and say, 'she is gone, and there is none to wake me.' A little green ribbon hung to its handle, and fluttered in the wind like a sigh, and the old man looked from his dizzy eyes, as if it was living, and would speak to him. There was a world of thought in his eyes, and he forgot to turn the organ. Well a'day, she is dead then, and the sery eyes are at rest, and the little skinny hand will tremble no more on the bow.

"The organ resumed its piping, and in a desolate way whimpered a few bars of the Copenhagen Waltz, but it could not keep up. The slipsey woman was not there either, and the old man looked desolate and forlorn, and there was a dreamy look in his eyes, as if, looking through the sunshine of the present day, he saw the far-away. Wanderer to a land that to the imagination of his youth was all golden, the desolate realization of no hope weighed on his low forehead, and drew down his swart brows. And the organ moaned and wheezed, and creaked to itself, as if a cholicy north wind was choking in its bowels of wood and brass, and the old man seemed to care nothing that no one gave. He was playing, perhaps, from habit, and perhaps because his organ wooed him pleasantly, with a sort of compunctious memory. It griped out the last bars of the waltz with a *spasmodic* attempt to be merry, like an attempted gallop in a windbroke horse, which was truly touching, stopped quaveringly on the last quaver.

"The old man shivered a little, took up his machine anguishly, adjusted the little violin with a half fondling motion, as if he was feeling for the thin hair of the elf-child, brought the green ribbon around so that it fluttered against his lips, and departed. Poor old organist! who knows how much of hope and joy, and love, there was in that child, elf-child as she was, and even more for that; and how much there may be in that cholicy organ, which speaks to thy heart of home in the sunny Appenines."

Mr. Webster and Mr. Foote.—The Washington correspondent of the Springfield Republican mentions the following amusing incident. Mr. Foote was addressing the Senate, when Mr. Webster asked leave to interrupt him a moment.

"Foote turned towards Mr. Webster, who was sitting directly behind him, and addressed him, as nearly as I can recollect, in the following strain: 'The honorable Senator from Massachusetts, the statesman, the orator, the scholar, the philosopher—(here Mr. Webster who, up this point, had kept his eyes fixed on Mr. Foote, covered his face with both hands, and Mr. Foote then proceeded as follows:) the man whose speeches are destined to live as long as the English language, he who will hereafter rank alongside the Demosthenes and Burkes of our own race.' Mr. Webster's patience seemed to be exhausted at this point, and he belched forth at the top of his lungs, 'Oh! *get out!*' What conclusion Mr. F. brought his elaborate eulogium to, I am unable to say, for amid the roar of merriment and laughter that ensued, he could not be heard for some minutes after."

Rev. Dr. Lyman Beecher, as he was going home one night, carrying a volume of an encyclopædia under his arm, saw a small animal standing in his path. The Doctor knew that it was a skunk, but very imprudently hurled the book at him. Whereupon the skunk opened his battery with a return fire so well directed that the Doctor was glad to retreat. When he arrived home, his friends could scarcely come near him. His clothes were so infected that he was obliged to bury them. Some time after this, one of Dr. Beecher's enemies published a pamphlet speaking very abusively of him. "Why don't you publish a book, and put him down at once?" said one of his advisers. "I have learned better," said the Doctor; "some years ago I issued a whole quarto volume against a skunk, and I got the worst of it. I never mean to try the experiment again."

If Industry is no more than habit, it is at least an excellent one. "If you ask me which is the real hereditary sin of human nature, do you imagine I shall answer pride, or luxury, or ambition, or egotism? No; I shall say Indolence. Who conquers indolence will conquer all the rest." Indeed, all good principles must stagnate without mental activity.—*Zimmerman.*

Attention is claimed in Wisconsin for roads formed of charcoal, which are asserted to be more durable, and costing two-thirds less than plank roads. One is now being built from Port Ulao, in Washington county, to some point in Dodge county.

Diogenes, being once asked the bite of which beast was worst, answered: "If you mean of wild beasts, 'tis the *slanderer*; if tame, the *flatterer*."

Babies.—The editor of the Milwaukie Sentinel does not boast "of the *size* of Wisconsin babies," but says "they are an uncommon *sure* crop."

THE TERMS.

We again call the attention of our readers to the following extract from the "Terms" of the *Era:*

"Every subscriber renewing his subscription, and sending us two NEW subscribers, shall have the three copies for five dollars."

A subscriber sends us five dollars for *three new* subscribers, and thinks he carries out the spirit of the proposition. Undoubtedly. A postmaster, not a subscriber, also sends us three new subscribers on the same terms, presuming that we will not object. Certainly not. The only difference between these cases, and those in which subscribers pay their moneys to agents, is, that in the former the subscribers secure to themselves the benefit of the commission. This does not interfere with our regular agents, but rather helps them, by multiplying our readers, and thus extending the field for their operations.

We hope each subscriber, as his subscription runs out, will bear in mind that, by a little exertion, he may secure two new subscribers, and supply himself and them for five dollars.

All communications to the *Era*, whether on business of the paper or for publication, should be addressed to

G. BAILEY, JUN., *Washington, D. C.*

THE NATIONAL ERA.

WASHINGTON, APRIL 12, 1849.

☞ See notices of Anniversaries and State Conventions in last column.

☞ RETRIBUTION.—We complete, this week, the tale entitled "Retribution," by Mrs. Southworth. At the instance of many of her friends, she has been induced to secure a copyright, with a view of publishing it in a separate volume. Should she carry out her half-formed purpose, she will revise the story, and add to it many parts, omitted in the course of its publication in the *Era*, for want of room.

The production is one of unusual vigor, and no one can overlook the moral lesson conveyed by it. Mrs. Southworth, though so much at home with her pen, has but recently commenced writing—the few stories she has furnished the *Era* being all, with one exception, that she has published. So favorable an impression have they made upon the press, that she has already been invited to contribute to one of the largest literary establishments in the country.

Mrs. Southworth is a native of the District, and an efficient teacher in one of our public schools. One might suppose that the conductors of the old presses here would take some interest in nurturing talents so decided in a Washington woman; but they have not yet recognised the fact of her existence.

☞ DR. PALFREY'S SPEECH.—The report of Dr. Palfrey's Speech on the Territorial question, published on our first page, is copied from the *Boston Republican.* The reader will not pass it by, especially the closing portion, in which he alludes to certain passages in Governor McDowell's speech, with an eloquence not surpassed by that accomplished speaker.

☞ FREE SOIL ALMANACS.—A correspondent in Frazersburgh, Ohio, writes to us for 100 Free Soil Almanacs. We have none. By sending to William Harned, New York, he may procure them.

☞ MERCHANTS AND MANUFACTURERS in the Eastern States, who are seeking customers in the Great West, cannot find a better medium of advertising than the *National Era.* It has a circulation in the Western States, larger, we believe, than that of any paper published in the West. We speak intelligently, as our long residence in the West, and connection with the craft there, brought us into close connection with its leading commercial journals.

We think too much of our subscribers to trespass upon them, and cannot therefore devote to advertisements more than three or four columns; but these we should like to keep profitably filled.

DAILY NATIONAL ERA.

What think our friends of the project of starting a DAILY NATIONAL ERA, the first of next December; of the size of the New York Herald; at $6 a year, payable invariably in advance; to contain such condensed and vivid reports of Congress as may be prepared by a master hand; and to be got up in such a way as not to change in any respect the present style or arrangement of the Weekly?

Can we find 1,500 subscribers to begin with?

Who speaks? Let us have some intimation of the views of our readers.

PAYMENTS IN ADVANCE.

As subscriptions are about to expire, we regularly forward bills to our subscribers. We hope they will not overlook them, and in a moment of forgetfulness suffer their names to be erased. When they find themselves in such a predicament, let them promptly remit, and they can have the back numbers, so as to keep their files unbroken, if they preserve the paper.

☞ And let each one remember, that by an effort he may add two new subscribers to our list, thus securing his own copy, and theirs, for a $5 note, which costs no more postage than a $2 one. A little thoughtfulness in this way is the one thing necessary to keep such a concern as the *Era* in a sound condition.

BACK NUMBERS.

Back numbers of the *Era*, especially from the first to the fourth, from those who no not file or wish to use them, will be thankfully received at this office.

ELECTION IN CONNECTICUT.

The ultra Whig press is attempting to depreciate the recent Democratic victory in Connecticut. The victory, at least, seems now to be conceded. And this important result seems also to be certain: that in all great party questions, we obtain three more votes from the land of steady habits than we had before, making a difference of six votes in favor of the Republican party, compared with the last House of Representatives. This result will animate the Democracy of Virginia, and all the other States which have yet to vote.

Washington Union.

The *New York Tribune* has the following pungent article on the same election, which we would engage to pay for as an advertisement, could we get it into the Union.

CONNECTICUT—A MORAL.

In no portion of the Northern States has there been more prevalent lukewarmness with regard to the aggressions of the Slave Power than in Connecticut. That State has long cherished intimate relations with "our Southern brethren," doing a large business therewith in the way of clocks, buttons, and sundry other notions. From her soil Prudence Crandall was driven for attempting to teach colored children; there the Amistad captives narrowly escaped a reconsignment into bondage at the hands of a nutmeg Judge; there the People quite recently decided, by four or five to one, that a colored man has no right to vote.

In Congress, her Representatives have never been accused of fanaticism. They have generally acted with their political brethren from the adjacent States with regard to Slavery, but they have never stimulated those brethren to take higher and more decided grounds against the Slave Power. Their position has been rather with the rear guard than the van, and while their votes have quite uniformly been cast for the Right of Petition, the exclusion of Slavery from the New Territories, and the suppression of the infamous Slave Traffic in the District of Columbia, &c., &c., we do not remember that any Anti-Slavery movement has originated with a Connecticut Member, nor that any speech or report has emanated from her Delegation calculated to arouse the free spirit of the North.

Meantime, the distinctive Anti-Slavery party, though relatively small, has been organized, and has maintained a foothold by dint of strenuous, persevering effort. It gained something in force, and a wholesome loss in impracticable bigotry last year, by merging itself in the Van Buren Free Soil party. This spring it has ventured a farther experiment, and, by a coalition with the regular Locofocos, it has, quite probably, chosen three Members of Congress, two of whom voted for Cass, and one (Booth) for Van Buren last year, but all are now pledged to resist to the utmost the legalization of Slavery on a single acre of the New Territories.

Whether this coalition shall have been entirely successful or not, its popular effect is all the same. Connecticut henceforth stands in Congress side by side with Vermont and Massachusetts. No matter how hollow are the professions of Messrs. Cleveland and Waldo, they cannot recede without infamy and annihilation. They must go forward. So will their State.

We ask the attention of the Washington *Union*, Richmond *Enquirer*, and their confederates, now engaged in dragooning Virginia into hostility to the new Administration by bug-bear stories of Whig Abolition, to this state of facts. We dare them to let their readers know that the entire Abolition vote of Connecticut has been cast for the leading "Democratic" candidates so called, and that three Members of Congress hostile to the new President have thus been chosen. We complain of nothing, lament nothing: we only desire that the truth should be made known. Dare you tell it, gentlemen?

The Tribune is hardly just to all the Whig Representatives from Connecticut. Truman Smith and John A. Rockwell are fairly described; and, it was just because they displayed the characteristics ascribed to to them, that the Whig managers in Connecticut transferred the former to the Senate of the United States, and re-nominated the latter. But, Messrs. Hubbard and Dixon were not in the rear guard in the battle of Freedom—they were true men, and always ready for active service. Was this the reason that the managers saw proper to drop them?

The article of the *Tribune*, we are glad to recognize as a complete vindication of the "coalition" between the Free Soil men and Democrats. That "coalition," by the showing of the *Tribune*, has placed Connecticut "in Congress side by side with Vermont and Massachusetts," on the Slavery question, and, Connecticut, it announces, "*must now go forward.*"

EXECUTIVE INFLUENCE ON THE CALIFORNIA QUESTION.

> The *Post*, we fear, is determined not to be pleased. It now raises a new objection, and desires to know why Gen. TAYLOR *should have meddled in the matter at all:* he was not yet President, and it was altogether officious in him *to attempt any influence in shaping the legislation of Congress.* It is very true that the General was not President on the 3d of March, *but he was to become President the next day*, and on him and his Administration were to devolve the embarrassments of leaving California without any civil government, and the responsibilities of supplying by some means or other the absence of legislative provision. *Was not his anxiety on the subject patriotic, and his interposition justifiable—nay, imperative?*—[*National Intelligencer, April* 5, 1849.

> Indeed I have thought that, for many years past, *the known opinions and wishes of the Executive have exercised undue and injurious influence upon the legislative department* of the Government; and for this cause I have thought our system in danger of undergoing a great change from its true theory. *The personal opinions of the individual who may happen to occupy the Executive chair, ought not to control the action of Congress* upon questions of domestic policy.
>
> [*Allison Letter, No.* 1.

We should like to see the supporters of the new Administration undertake to reconcile the opinions and implied pledge of General Taylor, in one column, with the facts admitted and attempted to be justified by the *Intelligencer* in the other. If General Taylor, one day before he was yet actually President, attempted to control the action of Congress, what will he not do, now that he is fully installed? If he interposed in the 30th Congress, in favor of carrying through the Civil and Diplomatic bill, with the incongruous and pro-slavery amendment of Walker attached to it, and if this interposition is boldly vindicated by the *National Intelligencer*, as an imperative duty, what may we not expect when the subject shall come up in the next Congress?

We need hardly say that the *Washington Union* rejoices to see the new Administration following in the footsteps of the old. It remarks complacently, speaking of the pledge contained in the Allison Letter, "General Taylor did not wait to take the oath of office before he reconsidered his pledges. He was undoubtedly wrong when he made the pledge. The President of the United States has for his constituency all the people of all the States, and also the States themselves. He has no right to make himself what the Constitution never intended he should be, a mere cipher in the affairs of Government; a mere sheriff, to execute the decrees of Congress, and the judgments of the Supreme Court. He has reconsidered his declaration, and that of his friends; and we are glad of it."

The *Union* clearly calculates on the interposition of the General to prevent the Territories from being closed against the introduction of Slavery.

THE CHIEF EXECUTIVE AND CONGRESS.

There are those who doubt whether the charge brought against the last Administration, of interfering with Congress with a view to determine its legislation, is true in its length and breadth, as made by the *Era* and other journals. The following short extract from an editorial in the Washington *Union* on the course of General Taylor in relation to California is decisive. It shows the *policy* to which that paper has been accustomed, and which it holds to be justifiable and praiseworthy—the policy of buying the votes of members of Congress with the rewards of office:

"The *publicity* given to the various steps taken in framing his Cabinet induced the belief that he did not wish to affect the action of Congress, in furtherance of any measure relating to California and New Mexico. We did not dream that General Taylor *was so ignorant of public affairs as to strip himself of the great power which sprung from the hopes of those who aspired to the high places in his gift, if he intended to do anything to reconcile differences and produce action on this important subject.*"

The *Union* thus incidentally confirms, beyond all doubt, what has been said of the "great power" of President Polk over certain members of Congress, and party politicians. He played upon "the hopes of those who aspired to the high places in his gift!" The patronage, with which he was invested for the purpose of securing to the Government the services of honest, faithful, and competent men, was regarded by him as an agency for corrupting the National Legislature—bribing the representative to abandon the interests of his constituents, to defy their will, and become a base tool of Executive scheming.

One of the resolutions adopted last fall by the National Convention that nominated Mr. Van Buren, affirmed the policy of electing all officers by the People. So far as the Federal offices are concerned, before such a policy can be carried into effect there must be a change of the Constitution. This instrument declares that the President "shall nominate and, by and with the advice of the Senate, shall appoint Ambassadors, other public Ministers and Consuls, Judges of the Supreme Court, and *all other officers* of the United States, whose appointments are not herein otherwise provided for, and which shall be established by law; but the Congress may by law vest the appointment of such inferior officers as they think proper, in the President alone, in the Courts of Law, or in the Heads of Departments."

It is obvious, therefore, that, before the vast array of Federal officers, known as Postmasters, Marshals, Collectors, &c., can be elected by the People, there must be an amendment of the Constitution. No mere enactment by Congress can reduce the Executive patronage, except to an inconsiderable extent.

But, a little reflection will show that this reduction must be effected, or centralism will reach such a height as to endanger the liberties of the People. Look at the vast accession to our territory. When we numbered but thirteen States, stretched along the Atlantic seaboard, there were comparatively few offices in the gift of the Executive. But, since then, the efficient organization of the Post Office Department, with its innumerable offices in all sections of the country, and the enormous growth of our commerce and extension of our seaboard, giving birth to a vast number of ports of entry, have placed an amount of patronage at the disposal of the President, which the framers of the Constitution could scarcely have foreseen. We have now thirty States. Should the Union endure for another half century, there will probably be ten or fifteen of the largest class of States added to the Confederacy, each one with numerous important offices to be filled by the President, and controlled by his will. When we think of the judicial districts, the post offices, the collectorships, which will spread like a net-work from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from the Lakes to the Gulf, creating innumerable dependents upon the Central Power in Washington, furnishing innumerable channels of Executive influence, innumerable facilities for an unscrupulous President to make the whole country subservient to sinister aims and interests, it certainly should arouse the anxious inquiry, whether something may not be done in time to guard against the manifold evil.

Can any good reason be shown why Postmasters, Marshals, Collectors, &c., should not be chosen by the People? The People have a deeper interest in the faithful discharge of duties, by such officers, than the President can have. They are just as capable of making proper selections, and not so liable to be imposed upon. The power of removal might be lodged in the President and Senate, only for reasons, however, affecting the competency or fidelity of the incumbent, which reasons should be submitted and acted upon in open Senate.

The reform, we propose, is becoming more urgent every year. It is one demanded by the principle of self-government which lies at the foundation of our free institutions, and by a prudent regard for the integrity of Federal officers and the liberties of the People.

The *Southport Telegraph* (Wisconsin) has some pertinent remarks on the subject:

"Strip the President of the tremendous illegitimate patronage he possesses. He has no business with it—it belongs to the people, the source of all power. He is an executive officer, and his duties should be solely executive. Why not give our State Governor the appointment of all officers except our legislators. We do not do it, because we know the right of appointment belongs to the people, and because we know it is vastly better in every point of view that the people should exercise the power, than should the Governor. The principle is the same with regard to the President. All power belongs to and springs from the people, and it is certainly better that this host of officers should be the servants of the people than the President. Taking away power from the Governors of the States, and restoring it to the people, had been found to have the very best effects. Cliques have been broken up, and the affairs of the State have been more honestly and better administered. Should the great central clique, which must of necessity exist at Washington, be broken up, would not equally good results flow from it? The duties of an executive officer are well defined. He creates nothing, but simply applies what others create; and the most that is wanted of him is capacity to understand, and honesty to administer it. Such being the case, were it not for the immense patronage of the President, people would see very little cause for raising all heaven and earth in choosing that officer.

"What a magnificent thing would be a true Republic. How intelligence, virtue, and consequent happiness, would spring up in it. People of the country, are you not intelligent enough to try it? Do you fear the responsibility of taking your Government into your own hands? If so, make a king at once, and let him govern you by the grace of God, (as he understands it) and divest yourselves of all care. But if you do not fear the responsibility, assume it at once, and enjoy the advantages which will flow from a Government of your own."

THAT LAST NIGHT IN CONGRESS.

The *National Era*, which hates Slavery first, and the Whig party next, and which rarely suffers an opportunity to deal a blow at the latter to pass unimproved, exhibits the proceedings of that memorable closing night in Congress in such a light as to give the impression that only those members of the House who united in the game of killing time by motions to call the House, go into committees, appeals, points of order, &c., and call the yeas and nays thereon, were sincerely, or at least inflexibly, devoted to Free Soil. I decidedly object to this view. My own conviction is very clear that this course increased the dangers of that night, and was imminently calculated to give a triumph to Slavery. I do not say it was not well intended on the part of most of those who united in it; I do not judge motives—and yet how *could* I help suspecting that some motive quite foreign to devotion to Free Soil impelled Mr. John Pettit to the prominent part he played on that memorable night? When before did he evince such devotion?

It is true, as the *Era* says, that a general and strong suspicion prevailed among the members intent on shielding the new territories from Slavery that they were betrayed—that a sufficient number of Free State members were privately pledged to vote with the South, whenever the proper time should arrive, to secure the ultimate adoption of the Walker amendment. Whether that suspicion was well or ill founded, it were bootless now to inquire. But, acting as we all did in the conviction of its justice, it seemed to me very clear that it became us *not to give our suspected associates the pretext we believed them to be waiting and watching for.* For instance: suppose Mr. A, Mr. B, Mr. C, &c., had given private assurances to certain friends of the Walker amendment that they would vote for it, or refrain from voting against it, whenever the question should assume a shape which would enable them to justify such a vote to their respective constituents: Thus pledged, they sat watching the progress of the struggle and the coming of their opportunity. Now I could not doubt that any determined, persistent effort of the great mass of the Anti-Extensionists to stave off decisive action, and break up the session without passing the General Appropriation bill, would afford the suspected the excuse they were believed to be watching for. They would finally say, "*We*, too, are for Free Soil, but not for anarchy and the subversion of the Government. We do not choose even to subject the country to the turmoil and the cost of an extra session. We want the Territories organized and our laws extended over them. We prefer C. B. Smith's or Mr. Webster's plan; but, rather than see the wheels of Government blocked, we will vote even for Mr. Walker's." And thus I believe the struggle would have terminated in a triumph of Slavery, if the strength of the House had submitted to be led by Mr. John Pettit. We might thus have made him a great man *pro tem.*, and sent him home in a blaze of glory, to be reëlected by votes never at his service before; but we should have lost the battle, and made shipwreck of the good cause. By coming short round on the other tack, we retrieved the fortunes of the day, after nearly all had begun to consider it irrecoverably lost. This is the light in which the subject appeared and appears to me; and it is one which the *Era* has never presented.—*New York Tribune.*

We have never presented this view, because it never occurred to us; and now that it is presented by the *Tribune*, we are unable to see its force.

The "*suspected*" needed no pretext, waited for none. The vote by which the House receded, and thereby evinced a disposition to succumb to the Senate, and abandon the cause of Freedom, showed that the "doughfaces" were ready for action; and, had the friends of Freedom then given up, without resorting to that protracted warfare, which betrayed men are always justified in practicing—the warfare which the editor of the *Tribune* stigmatizes as the "game of killing time by motions to call the House, go into committee, appeals, points of order, &c."—all would have been lost. Who were among the most active in calling points of order, &c.? Messrs. VINTON, ASHMUN, and HUDSON. We recollect well the indignation which Mr. Toombs manifested against Mr. Vinton, on account of his various motions to delay hasty action, and recover the ground lost through treachery.

As to coming "short round on the other tack," the majority did not do that, until after midnight, after the adoption of the substitute for Walker's amendment, and after having been convinced that, in view of the inexorable resolve of the House evinced by the protracted struggle, and of the lateness of the hour, the Senate would hardly dare to continue its dictatorial course.

We think, in opposition to the editor of the *Tribune*, that the course of Messrs. Wentworth, Root, Vinton, and Ashmun, in delaying action, raising points of order, calling the yeas and nays, &c., was eminently calculated to secure the triumph of Freedom—and the event showed the wisdom of their policy.

As to Mr. Pettit, we had no more doubt of his sincerity, than we had of that of the editor of the Tribune. The question, "when before did he evince such devotion?" does him injustice. Mr. P. has always, so far as we can recollect, been very ardent in his advocacy of the Wilmot Proviso.

The *National Era* confesses to the charge of hating Slavery, but not to that of hating the *Whig party.* We belong neither to the Whig nor Democratic party, but hate neither. With the *principles* of the Democratic party, in general politics, we concur; but so many have been its inconsistencies, so corrupt has been its management, especially on questions affecting Personal Liberty, that we have never acknowledged connection with it. Much as we differ from the old Whig doctrines, as advocated by Messrs. Clay and Webster, we are not disposed to deny that in relation to Human Rights, sections of the party in the Northern States have taken the lead of the Democrats; but from present indications, the latter are evidently making demonstrations in advance.

Without the tastes of a partisan, and owing no allegiance to any organization, we have labored to do justice to *individuals*, in whatever party we found them acting; and so far from being actuated by prejudice, we have vindicated the character of *Whigs* themselves, against the censures of the *Tribune.* We are neutral in nothing; but it does seem to us quite possible for a man to pass through life, advocating and practicing in his own humble way, what he believes to be right, without putting his name, his conscience, and his will, in the keeping of any organization.

For the National Era.

LIFE'S REPOSE.

BY MARY IRVING.

When I am lying in the last long quiet
Of Earth's cold, narrow bed,
I would not have the din of noisy riot
Above my weary head.

Bury me not within the crowded city—
The vaulted charnel-cave;
I would have Heaven's blue melting eye of pity
Look down upon my grave.

Bury me in the country, where the flowers
And the tall, bright green grass
Shall float above me as the summer hours
Dreamily, gently pass.

Bury me where the friends I love may tarry,
Nor shrink away in dread;
Where little hands fresh flowers of Spring may carry,
And little feet may tread.

Lay me to rest there when my heart is weary,
And cold my aching head;
And place ye but the simple name of "Mary"
Above the slumberer's bed.

And yet, alas! I know there are not many
O'er that slight name to weep;
Can it be wrong for me to wish that *any*
Watch o'er me while I sleep?

Oh! is it selfish, in this world of sadness,
To wish to cast a shade
Over the very bosoms, by whose gladness
Our own in life was made?

Yet who would sink to life's last "dreamless sleeping,"
Unnoticed and unwept?
Who would not leave some memory in keeping,
And wish it dearly kept?

Our Jesus wept when kindred hearts were breaking
Around a brother's grave;
He will not chide the eyes that mourn his taking
The blessed ones he gave.

More precious is "the good seed sown in weeping"—
The lightest counsel-word
We've treasured up from lips in Death's cold keeping,
Can wake the deepest chord!

Yet, oh! I would not crush the hearts, in dying,
That with my own entwine—
I'd rather hear them upward, where no sighing
Should ever come to mine.

I ask not that my friends should, broken-hearted,
Bend o'er my broken sod—
Pour ye one heart-warm tear for the departed,
And leave her—with her God!

RESULT IN CONNECTICUT.

The Whigs (as the New York Sun says) "look quite down" about the result of this election. If the Democrats have carried three members of Congress, it will serve to show that the Democracy of the Union is rallying—that they have gained ground in Connecticut as well as in New Hampshire—and that it requires only greater exertion to redeem entirely the defeat of November last. It also shows that the next House of Representatives may be redeemed.—*Washington Union.*

The Southern people will never know the true state of parties at the North, till the *Era* be more widely circulated among them.

The New Hampshire Democracy succeeded in recovering their ascendency, because in their Conventions they assumed the ground of the Wilmot Proviso, and through their representatives in the Legislature took the same ground, besides approving of the action of their Representatives in Congress, in opposing the extension of slavery, and voting for the abolition of the slave trade in the District of Columbia.

It is upon the triumph of this Democracy that the *Washington Union* congratulates its Southern friends.

In Connecticut, Mr. Rockwell has lost his election, in consequence of his ambiguous course on Gott's resolution. The Democrats have succeeded in electing three Congressmen, because one of them was a Free Soil man, who voted last fall for Van Buren, and the two others, having declared their adhesion to the principles put forth by the Buffalo, not Baltimore, Convention—by the Convention that nominated Martin Van Buren, in opposition to General Cass and Taylor—were sustained by the Free Democracy.

The *Union* thereupon congratulates its Southern friends that "the Democracy of the Union is rallying!" Yes—it *is* rallying, on the basis of the Jeffersonian policy of Opposition to the Extension of Slavery. "It requires only greater exertion to redeem entirely the defeat of November last." We hope the Free Soil men will bear this in mind, and give as good an account of themselves in Indiana as they have done in Connecticut.

SENATORIAL SECRECY.

Each House of Congress is bound to "keep a Journal of its Proceedings, and, from time to time, publish the same, excepting such parts as may, in their judgment, require secrecy."

Under authority of this exception, the Senate has chosen to keep secret a portion of its proceedings which may involve questions of the gravest interest to the American People, and which could not do injury, if divulged. An Executive session is conducted with closed doors, and every member then comes under the injunction of secrecy. The business transacted, we suppose, may be generally classified under the two heads, Treaties or Negotiations with Foreign Powers, and Nominations. We say nothing now of matters pertaining to our foreign relations; but, why should *Nominations* be discussed in Secret Session? Two classes of objections to a nomination may be raised — one, affecting political principles, the other, private character. With no show of decency can it be contended that the People have not a right to know what kind of *political* objections are raised to a nominee—what *tests* of *political* faith the American Senate requires. To release the Senate from responsibility in this matter, is to remove responsibility just where it is vital to impose it. False principles may be established, indefensible pretensions set up and yielded to, as well in action upon a nomination, as the passage of a bill. Publicity and accountability go together. Nothing imposes a more wholesome restraint upon both branches of the Federal Legislature than the consciousness that the People are observing their proceedings, and weighing the reasons and motives of their conduct; and the casting off this restraint can be justified only by the most urgent cause. But, we know of no cause at all why the People should be kept in ignorance of the political reasons for the confirmation or rejection of a nomination. They have a right to know whether any anti-Republican or sectional tests are required or submitted to—and if there be, who are the tyrants, and who the slaves. Nominees have been objected to, because they cherished the principles of the Declaration of Independence, in all their bearings—and apologists have been found in the Senate, to extenuate their too ardent devotion to Freedom. The public ought to know such objectors, and such apologists. There is not a single honest reason against publicity in such cases: no detriment from it to any public interest could even be imagined.

Suppose the nomination of Mr. Hannegan had been acted on in open session, would he have been confirmed? Never! Sixteen Senators, had the eye of the Public been upon them, could not have ratified that nomination. Senators were there, that Sabbath morning, who would not have dared to look their constituents in the face, had they declined objecting to the nomination—and, had any one objected and persisted in his objection, the iniquity, though conceived, would not have had birth.

But it may be said, private character may be involved. Be it so. If secrecy be necessary in such a case, let the fact be stated, and the Senate may then close its doors. But suppose private character is involved; why should secrecy be observed? An applicant for office, if of unimpeachable character, cannot easily suffer from a thorough investigation; and, if the reverse, it is his own fault, if exposed. He may avoid exposure, by having his name withdrawn. Were publicity the usage of the Senate, in all cases of nominations, we have no doubt that applicants for office, with the prospect of running the gauntlet of an open Senate, would be generally men of good character.

There is another reason against the continuance of this senseless rule of secrecy, in proceedings on nominations: it is never faithfully adhered to. Members are leaky, and drop vague hints, from which the letter-writers draw out imperfect reports of what has taken place in secret session, probably with just enough truth in them to make the lie mischievous. Such will always be the case; so that nobody gains, but all may lose. The public mind may be abused, the reputation of the nominee wounded, the Senate misrepresented.

We hope to see the day when all the proceedings of the Senate upon nominations may be conducted under the searching eye of the Public.

CALIFORNIA AND THE PRESIDENT.

"But, what is in the power of the Executive to do, if anything, under the Constitution, to remedy the omission of Congress, and prevent the evils which menace the country, is an embarrassing question; it is one which, foreseen by the President, he endeavored to provide for, but, failing in that, humanity itself demands that it be met in some way, whatever responsibilities surround it, and we doubt not that it will be met with wisdom as well as firmness."

National Intelligencer.

This is not the first time we have observed in the *Intelligencer* this mysterious intimation of a purpose on the part of the President to do something to meet the responsibilities of affairs in California. It may be well for that officer to move carefully. He is Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy of the United States, but California is not under military rule, and he can use military force merely to enforce the execution of the revenue laws, and, *if the people request*, to protect them against violence. He is sworn to defend the Constitution of the United States, and to take care that the laws be faithfully executed: but, there is no Federal Constitution or law in California, save the revenue law. The President has no more power, then, over the people of California, than any other citizen of the United States has. He may strive to influence them to the adoption of some form of Government, but he has no more right to dictate to them, than Thomas H. Benton. The people of California will meet the responsibilities of their own condition, decide and act for themselves.

CONDITION OF CALIFORNIA.

The *Union* exaggerates the violence and disorder said to be prevalent in California, and then is cool enough to charge all the outrages, robberies, murders, &c., upon the Free Soil members of Congress, as if it were owing to their anxiety to maintain freedom in California, and not to the abominable scheme of the slavery men to subvert freedom there, that no Territorial Government was established.

California is now free—free in law and in fact. Its inhabitants have expressed their desire that it should continue free. It is because the propagandists of slavery would consent to no Government, conformed to the state of things and the public sentiment in California, that that Territory is without law.

But, things are not so bad as they are represented by the *Union* and kindred prints. We believe, with Colonel Davis of Mississippi, that, wherever the American People go, they carry with them the elements and power of self-government. Thirty thousand emigrants from the old States will not suffer the reign of anarchy in California. They will form a Government, make laws, and execute them; and, while they are about it, we hope they will form a State Constitution, and exclude slavery. Should they organize a State, without prohibiting the barbarous system, we do not believe they can gain admission into the Union. Doubtless, sage counsels from Washington may reach them, admonishing them to beware of the slavery question; if they give heed to them, they will hazard their chance for recognition as a State. But, let them prohibit slavery, and Congress will not dare to reject their application for admission.

WISCONSIN AND MR. WALKER.

Senator Walker is about to reap the reward of his treachery. The very men who were most active in electing him are now taking the lead against him. Resolutions have passed the House of Representatives of Wisconsin, by a vote of 40 to 9, censuring his course on the Slavery question in the Senate, and instructing him to resign. Resolutions have also been adopted, sustaining the course of Governor Dodge. No doubt is entertained of the passage of the resolutions through the Senate. A few more lessons of this kind, and perhaps the Serviles may learn wisdom. The conduct of Mr. Walker, by exciting the indignation of the Democracy that elected him, has done much towards promoting a spirit of union between the Hunkers and Free Democracy. We learn by the *Wisconsin Freeman* that a caucus of the Democratic members of the Legislature had been called, to which the Free Soil men were earnestly invited, with a view of forming a union. Little doubt was entertained of an entire agreement upon the principles laid down in the Buffalo Resolutions. Wisconsin will then present an unbroken front in favor of Liberty. Thus all things seem working together for good.

PARTIES IN NEW YORK CITY.

Mr. Van Schaick, our readers recollect, was nominated for the Mayoralty by the Barnburners. The Hunkers nominated Mr. Cutting; and the Washington *Union* was indignant to find the Barnburners at their old vocation of distracting the Democracy. Mr. Cutting declined, (according to arrangement, we suppose,) and the Hunkers then concluded, in Convention assembled, to endorse the nomination of Mr. Van Schaick. The *Union* rejoices over this re-union of the Democracy, and augurs success to the good cause! How it will rejoice, when it sees the Hunkers of the whole State give in, and take their stand with the Barnburners on the Herkimer and Buffalo Platforms! .

CONNECTICUT ELECTION.

The Free Democracy has achieved a great triumph in Connecticut. Walter Booth, who voted last fall for Mr. Van Buren, has been elected in the 2d district, to Congress, over Babcock, (Whig,) nominated in the place of Mr. Hubbard, who was always a stanch supporter of Freedom.

In the first district, L. P. Waldo is elected. He was nominated, it is true, by the Hunkers, but over Mr. W. Eaton, who was the favorite of the Anti-Proviso men. Mr. Waldo has been a Wilmot Proviso man since 1847, when, in the Legislature, he voted for stringent resolutions against slavery. The *Hartford Republican* says:

"Mr. Waldo has also publicly committed himself to the exclusion of Slavery from the Territories by act of Congress, and pledged his vote and his influence to such exclusion. Also to the 'speedy and entire abrogation of all laws' authorizing Slavery wherever the General Government exercises jurisdiction. It is also well known here, that Mr. Waldo avows his approval of the Buffalo Platform, as substantially Democratic. In all these respects he is in direct antagonism to the *Times* clique and the Hartford Regency. His election is a triumph of the Wilmot Proviso over the Nicholson-letter platform."

Mr. Rockwell is defeated—Chauncey F. Cleveland, who was sustained by the Free Democracy, in consequence of his declared adhesion to the Buffalo platform, being elected. Mr. Rockwell owes his defeat to his course on Gott's resolution, and the conduct of the Whig managers of his State on the subject of Human Rights generally.

In the 2d, 14th, 15th, and 19th Senatorial districts, the Hunkers and Free Democrats united upon the same candidates, and elected all but one—Mr. Chapin in the 15th. Mr. Field, a Free Democrat, was elected, notwithstanding the *Hartford Times*, (old Hunker,) struck his name from the Ticket.

Truman Smith may read in this political revolution in Connecticut, to which no man has contributed more than himself, his own doom, should he again go before the people of his State.

There seems to be no election of Governor by the People, and in the Legislature it is supposed that the Free Soil men will hold the balance of power.

A DISCLAIMER—OFFICIAL?

The *Daily National Whig* of Saturday, the 7th instant, has a long leader, in direct conflict with the article in the *Intelligencer*, copied into the Era of last week, in which General Taylor's interference with Congress was admitted, and his indignation threatened against Free Soil Men.

It opens as follows:

"The Free Soil journals are everywhere denouncing General Taylor, with great ferocity, for having declared, as they assert, against the extension of the Ordinance of 1787 over the Territories of New Mexico and California, and when called upon for the evidence of this asserted declaration, they point to some newspaper paragraph, in which the editor takes upon *himself* to threaten the Free-Soilers, if they do not behave themselves, with the old Hero's wrath. That grave journals should so far forget what is due to truth, if not to General Taylor, as to seize upon a hastily written newspaper paragraph, and distort it into a solemn declaration of executive hostility against the Ordinance of 1787, is to us utterly inexplicable. There is not a man in the country, who can put his hand upon a declaration of General Taylor's opinion upon this delicate subject, either pro or con. The people made him President, without requiring at his hands, in advance, his views upon a question of so much interest, because they had full confidence in him, that, when the time should come for him to act in the premises, he would act as a patriot and a wise man. How unjust, therefore, for the Free Soil journals to attempt to make the General responsible for a loosely worded newspaper paragraph, or to attribute to him sentiments which he has never expressed!"

The statement in the *Intelligencer*, which everybody supposed to be *official*, is styled a "newspaper paragraph," "a hastily-written newspaper paragraph," "a loosely-worded newspaper paragraph," and said "paragraph" is spoken of as being entitled to no consideration, without sanction from General Taylor, uttering sentiments he has never expressed. Having thus rebuked the *National Intelligencer* for *taking upon itself* authority to threaten, in the name of General Taylor, it proceeds to deny, most emphatically, that General Taylor has ever interfered with the action of Congress, or ever will so interfere; the *Intelligencer*, it will be recollected, having both admitted and justified such interference. In the closing part of the article, the reader will see a strong endeavor to relieve General Taylor from that attitude of antagonism to Free Soil Men, in which the statement of the *Intelligencer* had placed him.

"The public sentiment of the free States, it is admitted by all, is against the further extension of slavery. If that sentiment should prevail in Congress, in the final disposition of the New Mexican and Californian questions, it will then be for the Federal Executive to exercise his constitutional power over the bills embodying that sentiment. That Gen. Taylor will exercise his constitutional power over them with wisdom, we have no fears, and we have so much confidence in his patriotism and sound sense, that the subject will be disposed of, so far as he is concerned, in a manner satisfactory to all parties, that we do not trouble ourselves to inquire what would be his probable action. But, come what may, General Taylor will never be found interfering to influence the action of Congress upon this or any other subject—we mean, interfering beyond his constitutional limits. Nor does it follow that he will exhaust his constitutional power over this question, or even exercise it at all, in advance of the action of Congress upon it. He will judge of the necessity and expediency of recommending any line of policy at all in respect to this subject. We have perfect reliance upon his judgment in the premises.

"The Free Soil journals, we think, would do well to abstain from committing themselves too deeply against General Taylor. They should take counsel of their wisdom, and not of their passions or interested motives. It would be well for them not to mistake the lucubrations of this or that newspaper for the views of the old Hero on the subject of the Ordinance of 1787. President Taylor does not care to talk about things beforehand. He prefers to wait till the time of action comes, and then he acts promptly, and for the good of the country. No man of ordinary perception can fail to see that this is his character. His whole life is an evidence of it. *He never threatens.* He is a man of action. So far as the objects for which the Free-Soilers contend are concerned, they may as well cease denouncing General Taylor. They cannot further them by such a course of conduct, and may, in the end, lose all the credit to which otherwise they might be entitled by their exertions."

The question now arises, which is the organ? Which speaks with authority? The article in the *Whig* is a plain, unvarnished disclaimer of every sentiment and statement of the article in the *Intelligencer*, offensive to Free Soil Men. Is this disclaimer official? Was the thing disclaimed official? Do both papers speak by authority? Does either? To which must we refer for the true indications of the views of the Chief Executive?

RUSSELL ERRETT, editor and publisher of the *Washington* (Pa.) *Patriot*, announces in his last number the discontinuance of that paper. The following paragraph tells the story:

"The paper has never afforded me more than a bare support. By performing more than the work of a journeyman in the manual labor of the office, I have managed to keep down its expenses to an average of ten dollars a week, and have thus been enabled to save out of the proceeds about five dollars a week for the support of myself and family. This pittance is all the remuneration I have received for both manual and mental labor. At any time within the last four years, I would have been the gainer by working as a journeyman in any other printing office."

Having incurred a debt of $150, last fall, by purchasing the interest of others in the concern, he finds that he can pay this debt only by discontinuing the paper. Nobody will accuse Mr. Errett of a want of energy, perseverance, and self-denial. He is a good editor, and an estimable man, and we wish him success in whatever enterprise he may undertake.

GUATEMALA.—The *Intelligencer* has letters of an authentic character from Guatemala, from which it learns that there is no Government in Central America. CARRERA, the President, had been compelled to resign, and leave the country. Juan Martinez was appointed by the Assembly Provisional President, but Vincento Cruz, Vice President under Carrera, raised such a storm of opposition, that he was fain to resign. Bernardo Escobar was then appointed, but V. Cruz commenced hostilities against him, and he resigned. According to the latest dates, the Provisional Government and the rebels had just treated, and fraternized.

THE GOVERNMENT JEWELS have been found, and the thieves too. Justice McGrath, of the old police force of New York, visited Washington during the inauguration, where he arrested Tom Hand, a notorious character. This led to some disclosures, which put him upon the track of the jewels. They were found in the house of H. B. Jones, a bootmaker in New York, who, together with T. B. Jones, was arrested, and the whole concern, jewels and all, sent on to this city.

FROM ST. DOMINGO.—We learn from Captain Trefethen, of the schooner Burlington, twenty-two days from St. Domingo, that the American Consul informed him, on the day of his departure, that news had been received that the Haytien troops, to the number of 20,000, were on their march to attack the city of St. Domingo. The Spaniards were making preparations to defend the city. They were fitting up men-of-war with all possible speed.—*Jour. of Commerce.*

THE NORTH BRITISH REVIEW.*

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

It is stated that Leonard Scott & Co., of New York, the publishers of the Foreign Quarterlies, have issued a second edition of the February number of the North British Review. We are not surprised at the great demand for the work. It is very able and full of interest. The article on Macaulay's History is one of the soundest and most spirited reviews of that great work it has been our good fortune to read. While excepting to the rather latitudinarian religious views of the Historian, it does ample justice to his genius and truthfulness.

An article on the "Socialist Party in France," is marked by much clearness of discrimination, and presents a striking view of the course and causes of the Revolution.

The paper on the Life and Writings of Thomas Campbell we have read with great pleasure. It deals more largely with his Life than Writings, showing us more of the man than the author.

The other articles, entitled "Chaucer," "Noel on Union of Church and State," "Ecclesiastical History of Scotland," "Prospects of the Session," are all excellent.

We glean a few items of interest from the article on Thomas Campbell.

Campbell's father was a Scotch merchant, engaged in the Virginia trade, who, in consequence of the reverses occasioned by the American war, became suddenly reduced in his circumstances. He loved polemics and metaphysics much better than poetry; and when his hopeful son brought scribbled rhymes for a paternal blessing, he had the pleasure of hearing it pronounced "nonsense—absolute nonsense." His mother was a woman of energetic character, and exceedingly fond of music. "In her old age she would to the last sing snatches of old songs"—so that the young poet might look at least to one parent for sympathy with his young melodies.

Dr. Beattie, the biographer, relates some pleasant anecdotes of father and son. Once, when all the children were gathered in the parlor, they fell to disputing about new clothes, and descanting on the most fashionable colors. The old patriarch, then eighty years of age, dressed all over in a snuff-colored suit, who had no doubt been meditating on the litigation by which he had been vexed, suddenly arrested their altercation. "Lads," said he, "if you wish to have a lasting suit, get one like mine." The boys thought he meant one of a snuff-brown color; but he added, "I have a *suit* in the Court of Chancery, which has lasted thirty years, and I think will never wear out."

The old gentleman always prayed in his family, and conducted his extemporary worship with so much fervency, "that the very expressions he used never passed away from the minds of his children." One can see the influence of this family religion on the character of the poet to his latest moments.

Thomas Campbell was a bright scholar, always at the head of his class, ever on the stretch. The reviewer thinks that his mind was prematurely developed, and greatly overtaxed. He and his young friends in college formed debating societies, in which he distinguished himself by his fluency. Full of fun and satire, his wit sometimes made him enemies. "Some of Campbell's jokes," says the biographer, "were for the purpose of getting near the stove, when attending the logic class on a winter morning. He would scratch some nonsense on the walls—a libel, perhaps, on the tall Irish students who crowded round the fire. While they rushed to read such rhymes as—

'Vos Hiberni collocatis,
Summum Bonum in potatoes,'

he managed to get to the stove."

At sixteen, Campbell, under the contagious influence of the French Revolution, became a fiery Democrat. His attention was distracted between his studies and politics. From being one of the merriest of boys, he was changed to one of the most solemn.

His change of manner was so sudden—the violence of his indignation was such—his declamation against modern society, and all its institutions, so unceasing, that there seems to have been among his friends an impression of his actually having become insane; and it was not till the demon of poetry entirely possessed him, that they felt wholly free from this fear."

Campbell was obliged early to depend upon himself for a support. At thirteen or fourteen, his means of paying his class fees was chiefly derived from his wages as a teacher of younger children. He found his scholars in the solitudes of the Hebrides, spending there a large portion of every year, and the reviewer has no doubt that the opportunity thus afforded for communing with himself, and the removal from the exhausting excitements of Glasgow, were highly favorable to the growth of his poetic genius.

It is somewhat remarkable that Dr. Beattie can give no account of the origin of "Gertrude," which the reviewer thinks "the most elaborate and the most beautiful of Campbell's works." His biographer tells a very agreeable anecdote in connection with a notice of this poem. An American friend, who was visiting him, spoke of a pilgrimage that he and others were led to make to the valley of the Wyoming, from their admiration of Campbell's genius. "It was autumn, and the quiet shores of the lake were bathed in the yellow light of Indian summer. Every day we wandered through the primeval forests, and, when tired, we used to sit down under their solemn shade, among the falling leaves, and read 'Gertrude of Wyoming.' It was in these thick woods, where we could hear no sound but the song of the wild birds, or the squirrel cracking his nuts, away from the busy world, that I felt the power of Campbell's genius.

"Campbell took his hand, pressed it, and said, 'God bless you, sir, you make me happy, although you make me weep; this is more than I can bear. It is dearer to me than all the praise I have had before. To think that in that wild American scenery I have had such readers. I will go to America yet!

"When they parted, Campbell gave him a copy of the illustrated edition of his poems. 'Take it with you,' were his words, 'and if, with *your* Gertrude, you ever go again to the valley of the Wyoming, it may be a pleasure to her to hear you say, Campbell gave me this.'"

As Campbell approached the close of his life, the grave realities of another world made him quite indifferent to posthumous fame. Five years before he died, in conversation with some friends, he gave utterance to these noble sentiments. "When I think," said he, "of the existence which shall commence when the stone is laid above my head, how can literary fame appear to me but as nothing? I believe when I am gone justice will be done to me in this way—that I was a pure writer. It is an inexpressible comfort, at my time of life, to be able to look back, and feel that I have not written one line against religion or virtue."

His genius, his exquisite taste, the rich melodies of his poetry, and his world-wide fame, were as nothing—his inexpressible comfort was, that he had "*not written one line against religion or virtue.*"

Campbell removed to Boulogne in 1843, for the purpose of recruiting his health, but the hand of Death was upon him. A letter from his niece brought over Dr. Beattie, who found a Sister of Charity in attendance on the dying poet. This was June 4th. The closing scene was beautiful. "On the 6th, he was able to converse more freely, but his strength had become more reduced, and on being assisted to change his posture, he fell back in the bed insensible. Conversation was carried on in the room in whispers; and Campbell uttered a few sentences so unconnected that his friends were doubtful whether he was conscious or not of what was going on in his presence, and had recourse to an artifice to learn. One of them spoke of the poem of Hohenlinden, and pretending to have forgot the author's name, said he had heard it was by a Mr. Robinson. Campbell saw the look was assumed, and said, playfully, but in a calm and distinct tone, 'No; it was one Tom Campbell's.'

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* For sale by W. Adam, Pennsylvania avenue, Washington, D. C.

"The next day swelling of the feet appeared. In answer to an inquiry, he replied, with a remarkable expression of energy, 'Yes, I have entire control over my mind. I am quite'——Beattie lost the last word, but thinks it was 'resigned.' Then, with shut eyes and a placid expression of countenance, he remained silent, but thoughtful. When I took leave at night, his eyes followed me to the door, as if to say, 'Shall we meet to-morrow?' Religious feeling was, as the closing scene approached, more distinctly expressed. Beattie was thinking of the lines in the Last Man, when he heard with delight the dying man express his belief in 'life and immortality brought to light by the Saviour.'

"To his niece he said, 'Come, let us sing praise to Christ;' then, pointing to the bedside, he added, 'Sit here.' 'Shall I pray for you?' she said. 'O yes,' he replied, 'let us pray for each other.'

"The liturgy of the Church of England was read; he expressed himself 'soothed—comforted.' The next day, at a moment when he appeared to be sleeping heavily, his lips suddenly moved, and he said, 'We shall see * * to-morrow,' naming a long-departed friend. On the next day he departed without a struggle."

Who does not see in the early family training of Thomas Campbell the preparation and the promise of this peaceful and beautiful death?

LITERARY NOTICES.

RAPHAEL.—The romance of Lamartine has suffered no abatement from his short and brilliant experience as a statesman. "Raphael" can hardly be called a story; it is rather a series of rhapsodies on Love—a love between souls, and void of all sensualism. It abounds in poetry and eloquence, and is never so eloquent as when its hero and heroine are least like human beings. We know not how it may be with Frenchmen, but it would puzzle the Devil-on-Two-Sticks to find two such *Anglo-Saxon* lovers in this world.

The work is published by Harper & Brothers, New York, and for sale by Franck Taylor, Washington.

BUCHANAN'S JOURNAL OF MAN.—Dr. Buchanan has commenced a series of articles (one of which is in this number) on Psychometry. In writing, it is supposed that a peculiar nervous *aura* is communicated by the writer to the paper. An impressible person, who may know nothing of the writer, on holding the letter to his forehead, will become affected in such a way as to be able to indicate clearly all his mental and moral characteristics—nay more, his locality, circumstances, and calling. A person of this impressible temperament may be readily acted on by medicine, externally applied. For example: a small paper of tartar emetic, or jalap, held in the palm of his hand, will produce its legitimate effects, without being taken internally. Such is the theory, in support of which the Doctor relates many wonderful cases.

In another article, we have the spheres of good and evil in a man's head defined, by a line drawn from the alæ of the nose, backward and upward to the crown of the head. All above this line is good; the organs below it, if predominant, always make a vicious character.

In some thoughts on "our Destiny," the Doctor maintains that it is possible to fly, by means of machinery embodying a greater power in proportion to the bulk, than has ever been known in mechanical invention; and he predicts that in a few years more, "aerial navigation will be as commonplace a fact as the magnetic telegraph." We think we'll let the gold-diggings of California alone till then.

Dr. Buchanan is in favor of the recent Homestead law of Ohio, for this, among several reasons—that it tends "to substitute the sense of honor for the sense of constraint, in regard to the payment of debts." He adds—"I would also inform my readers, that I wish to make the relation between them and myself entirely those of honor, and not of law. It is my present intention to trust to the sentiment of honor in each subscriber, and not to resort, in any case, to the compression of law in reference to the payment of subscriptions." The theory of the Doctor is admirable, and we have found it work remarkably well, with the proviso in practice, of having all payments made in advance.

The Journal is published in Cincinnati, at $2 a year in advance. Mr. Yulee is the agent in this place.

METHODIST QUARTERLY REVIEW.—The April number is on our table. An article on Dr. Channing in a former number was highly commended by the press for its liberality: the present contains an equally liberal one on Thomas Carlyle. The writer, though decidedly "evangelical" in his creed, is catholic in spirit, and analyzes the writings and character of Carlyle with discrimination and without prejudice.

The other articles of the Quarterly are the following: Plan and Structure of the Book of Ecclesiastes; the Duty of Fasting; the Philosophical Study of Language; Van Gerlach's Commentary on the New Testament; Methodist Episcopal Church South; Religious Training; Noel on Church and State; Critical Notices.

Edited by Dr. McClintock; published by Lane & Scott, New York. Agent for Washington, Frederick Luff.

ADDRESS OF THE FREE SOIL ASSOCIATION.—This excellent Address by the Free Soil Association of the District, ascribed to the pen of Mr. Blair, editor of the old Globe, is for sale in pamphlet form, by Messrs. Buell & Blanchard, of this city. The pamphlet contains the memorial of citizens of the District of Columbia against Slavery, with the names of the signers. It is a valuable document for circulation and reference. Orders should be promptly transmitted to the publishers.

CHALMERS' POSTHUMOUS WORKS.—The 5th volume consists of his Scripture Sabbath readings, extending from Genesis to 2d Kings, inclusive. The thoughts are unlabored, without any particular method, such as Sabbath readings of the Bible would naturally suggest to a devout mind like that of Chalmers.

It is published in Harpers' usual style, and for sale by Franck Taylor, Washington.

FRANKLIN ILLUSTRATED.—We have received of this beautifully printed and illustrated work, Parts ii, iii, iv, and vii. Will the publishers please send us Parts i, v, vi, and viii. They have made it so attractive, that we cannot bear to think of having an incomplete edition. It was to be completed in eight parts, at 25 cents each. The style of typography is like the character of Franklin, fair, clear, open, and exceedingly agreeable.

For sale by Franck Taylor, Washington.

A NEW WORK ON ARCHITECTURE.—We have been favored with some specimen sheets of a new work on Architecture, by Robert Dale Owen, to be published in quarto form, by the Smithsonian Institute. The work, we understand, will be a very elaborate one, creditable in all respects to the Institution. It is got up in the highest style of art, the typography, paper, and illustrations, being almost faultless. So at least we judge, from the specimen before us.

Mr. Van Schaick is run by both of the Democratic cliques in New York. He is supported as a Democrat, without regard to his being a Free-Soiler or an Old Hunker.—*An Exchange.*

What says the New York *Evening Post*? Is Mr. Van Schaick a Free Soil Man, or a Nicholson Letter Man—Barnburner or Hunker? The New York *Tribune* says he voted for Van Buren, and he was certainly the nominee of the Barnburners. Can the *Post* give us light?

Cincinnati Election.—The election in Cincinnati, on the 2d instant, resulted in the success of the entire Whig ticket. H. E. Spencer is reëlected Mayor by a large majority, and James L. Ruffin, Marshal. It was also decided, almost unanimously, to authorize a loan of $200,000 to extend the water-works, and the question of annexing the "Special Road District" was decided by a majority of 6,400 in its favor.

For the National Era.

LEILA.

BY MISS ALICE CAREY.

Gone from us hast thou, in thy girlish hours,
  What time the tenderest blooms of summer cease;
In thy young bosom bearing life's pale flowers
  To the sweet city of eternal peace.

In the soft steps of silver singing rain,
  Faint be the falling of the pale-rose light
O'er thy meek slumber, wrapt away from pain
  In the fair robes of dainty bridal white.

Seven nights the stars have wandered through the blue,
  Since thou to larger, holier life wert born;
And morn as often, sandaled with gray dew,
  Has trodden out the golden fires of morn.

Oft, ere the dim waves of the sea of woe
  Clasp the green shore of immortality,
Life, like a planet cursed, lays down its glow,
  And blindly wanders o'er immensity.

And, from thy starless passage and untried,
  Faith shrank alarmed at feeble nature's cry;
Ere yet life's broken waves had multiplied
  The intense radiance of eternity.

But now, on every sunbeam leaning bright
  Across the white mists, trembling o'er the sea,
My soul goes forth, as on a path of light,
  Questioning all things beautiful of thee.

Nor shall distrust or doubt my spirit move,
  Doomed though it be the seal of woe to wear;
Since the blest memory of deathless love
  Stands like a star between me and despair.

FIELDS'S POEMS.

Poems. By James T. Fields. Boston: Ticknor & Co.

The Boston Mercantile Association has had the honor of calling forth, on its anniversary occasions, some of the finest metrical productions of New England genius. Sprague's "Curiosity" and Holmes's "Urania" were both delivered at its request; and the largest poem, in the elegant volume before us, was the principal attraction of its last Festival of Reason and Rhyme. A perusal of it in print justifies the applause which its recitation elicited. Its theme is "The Post of Honor," and, in its graceful play and fancy, and depth of feeling and sentiment, it embraces both of the alternatives to which Burns alludes, when he gives to time and chance the direction of his verse—

"Perhaps it may turn out a song,
Perhaps turn out a sermon."

The humorous pictures of the office-seeker undergoing the torture of the questioning of the sovereign people, whose votes he solicits, and of the country parson who conceives it to be his duty to obey a "louder call" to the city, are manifestly from real life. As a favorable specimen of the author's more serious manner, we select the following lines, commemorative of the self-sacrifice of Charles Lamb, with whose heroic devotion to his suffering sister the public have but recently been acquainted, the filial love of the poet Gray, and the beautiful charity of the good Sisters of Mercy in Paris:

"The painter's skill life's lineaments may trace,
And stamp the impress of a speaking face;
The chisel's touch may make that marble warm
Which glows with all but breathing manhood's form—
But deeper lines, beyond the sculptor's art,
Are those which write their impress on the heart.

"On Talfourd's page, what bright memorials glow
Of all that's noblest, gentlest, best below!
Thou generous brother, guard of griefs concealed,
Matured by sorrow, deep, but unrevealed,
Let me but claim, for all thy vigils here,
The noiseless tribute to a heart sincere.
Though Dryburgh's walls still hold their sacred dust,
And Stratford's chancel shrines its hallowed trust,
To Elia's grave the pilgrim shall repair,
And hang with love perennial garlands there.

"And thou, great Bard of never-dying name,
Thy filial care outshines the poet's fame;
For who, that wanders by the dust of Gray,
While memory tolls the knell of parting day,
But lingers fondly at the hallowed tomb,
That shrouds a parent in its pensive gloom,
To bless the son who poured that gushing tear,
So warm and earnest, at a mother's bier!

"Wreaths for that line which Woman's tribute gave,
'Last at the cross, and earliest at the grave.'
Can I forget, a Pilgrim o'er the sea,
The countless shrines of Woman's charity?
In thy gay capital, bewildering France,
Where Pleasure's shuttle weaves the whirling dance,
Beneath the shelter of St. Mary's dome,
Where pallid suffering seeks and finds a home,
Methinks I see that sainted sister now
Wipe Death's cold dew-drops from an infant's brow;
Can I forget that mild, seraphic grace,
With heaven-eyed Patience meeting in her face?
Ah, sure, if angels leave celestial spheres,
We saw an angel dry a mortal's tears."

The following exquisite little ballad, from the miscellaneous portion of the poems, contains the substance of whole folios of metaphysics and philosophy:

THE TEMPEST.

We were crowded in the cabin,
  Not a soul would dare to sleep—
It was midnight on the waters,
  And a storm was on the deep.

'Tis a fearful thing in winter
  To be shattered in the blast,
And to hear the rattling trumpet,
  Thunder, "Cut away the mast!"

So we shuddered there in silence—
  For the stoutest held his breath—
While the hungry sea was roaring,
  And the breakers talked with Death.

As thus we sat in darkness,
  Each one busy in his prayers—
"We are lost!" the captain shouted,
  As he staggered down the stairs.

But his little daughter whispered,
  As she took his icy hand,
"Isn't God upon the ocean,
  Just the same as on the land?"

Then we kissed the little maiden,
  And we spoke in better cheer,
And we anchored safe in harbor,
  When the morn was shining clear.

The friends of the author—and we know of no one who has more or warmer, or who better deserves them—will be gratified by the publication of these pleasant and unambitious passages from the "snatched leisure" of an active business life. They are characterized by chaste simplicity and healthful sentiment, and reflect the sunny warmth and hopefulness of the heart of the writer.

J. G. W.

RHODE ISLAND.

The Whig candidate for Governor (Antony) is elected. The Whigs have also elected one Congressman: B. B. Thurston, Democrat, is probably reëlected. He is all right on the Slavery question.

Appointments.—Numerous appointments continue to be made, of collectors, marshals, and postmasters. Pennsylvania especially is undergoing expurgation throughout her post offices.

Dr. Douglass, Commissioner of Public Buildings here, has been displaced, and Ignatius Mudd appointed. Thomas Fitnam, of this city, has been appointed Warden of the Penitentiary. Mr. Clayton, of Georgia, takes the place of Mr. McCalla, in the Treasury Department.

The changes are not rapid enough for the Whigs, but entirely too rapid for the Democrats.

The Democratic editors are very unreasonable. They should recollect that, for the last twenty years, with the exception of a streak of sunshine in 1840, the poor Whigs have dwelt in outer darkness. Now that they have a chance of basking a little while in the smiles of Executive favor, it is a shame to grudge it to them. One would think, from the groans of the Democrats about the offices, that they attached far more importance to them than anything else.

Mr. Thurston fails of an election in the western district of Rhode Island, by a few votes. On a second trial, a plurality elects, so that his return to Congress, we suppose, is certain.

A Great Discovery.—M. Debay of Paris has published a precious treatise on the *Hygiene of the Hair and Beard*, in which the secret of premature gray hair and the true remedy for it are revealed; the remedy consisting, not in dangerous dies, but in a certain regimen and diet which change the coloring matter of the hair. So says the correspondent of the "*Courier des Etats Unis.*" It is almost too good to be true. The first republishers of the book in this country will find an unprecedented demand for it; for what man of any sense among us, who has reached forty, is not adorned with the symbol of premature wisdom.

Insurrection in Pernambuco.—Accounts have lately reached this country of an insurrection among the slaves in Brazil. According to later accounts, it was not an insurrection of the slaves, but a conflict between certain classes of the free citizens. The probability, however, is, that slaves were mixed up in the affair. It is quite improbable that slavery can long exist in an empire, so heterogeneous in its parts, and so liable every moment to dangerous internal dissentions. A revolution there would probably be associated with the emancipation of all the slaves.

EUROPEAN NEWS.

The steamer Niagara arrived at Halifax, April 5th, with fourteen days' later intelligence from Europe.

The proposal of D'Israeli, to institute an inquiry into the burdens on land—a movement in favor of protection—has been voted down by 280 to 189. The army and navy estimates have been carried by the usual majorities. Cobden's schemes of financial reform find at present comparatively small support in Parliament, and the people must be appealed to. M. Banverée's bill to enable clergymen of the Establishment to preach in Dissenting churches, without incurring the penalties and costs, for the non-payment of which Rev. Mr. Shore has been thrown into jail, is referred to a select committee, in the House of Commons, and, it is supposed, will pass. The second reading of the Navigation Bill has been sustained by a majority of only 56 in a House of 476.

The west and south of Ireland are said to be in a deplorable state of anarchy. The cholera is committing extensive ravages. The farmers are cultivating the potato still more largely than ever.

The trials of the State prisoners at Bourges, France, excite less interest than they did. Much excitement prevails in the capital in consequence of the execution of two of the murderers of General Brea. The Socialists are greatly inflamed, and are using every device to raise opposition to the Government. Proudhon closes an article addressed in his fiery journal to Louis Napoleon, with the ominous threat—"You have restored the guillotine, and it will only disappear with you."

At Toulon there are great preparations for embarking troops, and, in consequence of the movements in Piedmont and Italy, the Army of the Alps has been again recruited, and every arrangement made so that a large division of troops may cross the Alps, should an armed intervention be resorted to.

Up to this moment, there seems a cordial and complete understanding between the French and English Governments in respect to the affairs of Italy.

The King of Holland died on the 17th ult., and his son, who was in England, proceeded home immediately, where he will ascend the throne as William III.

The Diet of Kremsier has been dismissed by the Emperor of Austria, after having promulgated a Constitution for the Empire, of extraordinary liberality.

The great object which has been kept in view by the designers of this Constitution is, the making of all Austria into a free, independent, indivisible, indissoluble Constitutional Monarchy. With regard to the social and political regulations guarantied under this Constitution, the liberality of their nature can hardly fail to excite surprise.

The press is not allowed to be put under censorship.

The complete equality and toleration of all religions, the independence of every church and sect in the management of its own property and affairs, the extension of education to all languages, and its prosecution as Government work, are especially secured.

The Imperial Diet is to consist of two Houses, whose Constitution approaches nearer to that of the American Senate and House of Representatives, than the Legislative Assembly of any other State.

How this Constitution may work when reduced to practice must of course depend upon the people themselves, but it must be admitted that it places in their hands ample means of securing a name of political freedom scarcely inferior to that of any other country in the world.

In the mean time, the Hungarian war proceeds with unrelenting fury. The Magyars have adopted a guerrilla warfare, and Prince Windisgrätz no longer taking the field, but remaining at Buda, showing that the war has only just commenced.

In fact, the King of Sardinia, in secret now with Kossuth, trusts to the prolongation of the war in Hungary to reconquer the lost fields of Lombardy. King Albert, hemmed in between his own people, who urge him to war, and his enemies, the Austrians, has no alternative but to declare the armistice with Radetzky at an end, and during the last week we have been expecting daily hearing that he had done so.

It is stated that the Russian Ambassador had demanded his passports of the French Government. The Emperor of Russia had stated to the French Ambassador at St. Petersburg, that he should acknowledge the French Republic if General Cavaignac were elected President, but since Bonaparte's election he had changed his tone, regarding that event as indicating the existence of a spirit of conquest. The French Ambassador had left St. Petersburg in consequence.

FLOGGING IN THE NAVY.

The following is the testimony of an old sea officer on this subject:

Baltimore, *January* 29, 1849.

Sir: Permit me to address you a few lines on the subject of corporeal punishment in the navy, the abolition of which is now pending in the Senate. Something like sage experience has taught me that the best kind of discipline has always existed in our public vessels where the infliction of the lash was rarely, if ever, resorted to. I have had, I think, ample experience in every branch of our military service, namely: Navy, Army, and Revenue Marine. I have held a commission for nearly thirty years, (I am now fifty four,) and have consequently been clothed during that time with legal authority to inflict corporeal punishment; but I have never found it necessary to resort to the lash over eight times, and even in those instances it might have been avoided without any detriment to the service, by substituting some other mode of punishment, less degrading, less imbruting to the nature of man. Sir, I have ever deprecated this horrible and truly disgraceful practice. Surely, not only the common dictates of humanity, but the general spirit of the age in which we live, calls aloud for its abolition. I hazard nothing in saying that every experienced and humane commander knows that seamen, when properly and ably commanded, are more docile than any other class of men under the sun. This cutting up the "human form divine" appears to me to be one of the few relics of barbarism. If our officers would only study to remove causes rather than to punish effects, all the imaginary necessity for corporeal punishment would vanish at once.

I have the honor to be, sir, your obedient servant,
Ezekiel Jones,
Capt. U. S. Rev. Mar. Serv., of Scituate, Mass.

Hon. Daniel Webster,
U. S. Senator, Washington, D. C.

THE COLORED RACE.

A day or two before the adjournment of the Ohio Legislature, in the House of Representatives, Mr. Truman, from the Committee on Public Lands, reported the following resolutions:

Whereas the people of color of the United States have been oppressed and enslaved by the several States thereof, and thereby degraded; and believing it to be the duty of the General Government to do something for their elevation to that position nature's God designed for all men; therefore, be it

Resolved, by the General Assembly of the State of Ohio, That our Senators be instructed, and our Representatives in Congress be requested, to procure the passage of a law authorizing the survey and appropriation of a portion of the territory acquired from Mexico, for the benefit of all free persons of color who may become actual settlers of the same, and a title of eighty acres of land delivered to each of said persons, free of charge, and also establish schools and provide for them a Government for protection.

Resolved, That the Governor of this State be requested to forward a copy of the above preamble and resolutions to each of our Senators and Representatives in Congress.

Adopted unanimously.

The same afternoon—March 23d—these resolutions were received in the Senate, and concurred in—yeas 20, nays 7.

THIRD VOLUME.

We are making preparations to commence the third volume of *Excelsior,* on the 28th of April next, with great attractions. The unexpected success which has attended thus far the career of our paper, inspires us to devote all our energies, mental, physical, and mechanical, to the production of a first-class temperance, literary, and family journal.

No. 1, Vol. 3, will open with a high-toned original story, written expressly for *Excelsior,* from the pen of a gifted lady whose valued teachings have received the highest favor from the public. The other contents will partake in a large degree of ability, worth, piquancy, and freshness, presenting an intellectual feast of the greatest richness, flavored with condiments of the sternest morality and the most agreeable variety.

Boston Excelsior.

The Mississippi and Ohio Railroad will certainly be made. The success of the enterprise is now, we think, beyond the operation of all unfavorable contingencies. Money is all-powerful in this age, and already two and a half millions of dollars have been voted to construct this great work, viz:

Cincinnati - - - -	$1,000,000
St. Louis - - - -	500,000
Counties of Indiana - -	1,000,000

or about one-half of the estimated cost. It is understood that Eastern capitalists and merchants will subscribe the balance if necessary; but it is a fair presumption, that Illinois will take a large amount of stock.—*Cin. Times.*

"ADDRESS TO THE DEMOCRACY OF MISSOURI."

Under this title a pamphlet has been lately issued at St. Louis, a copy of which we have received. It is a well-written address, and deserves more than a passing notice.

It commences by objecting to the mode in which pro-slavery men are in the habit of stating the question in relation to slavery in the Territories, as if it concerned solely or even chiefly the interests of the Northern or Southern States. It is conceded that it affects the relative political power of the two sections, but the great consideration involved in it is, the future welfare of the great nations that are to grow up in the Territories recently acquired. It is shameful to sacrifice their interests to the paltry ambition of the politicians of our day. The true question is, whether it would be wise and beneficial, in view of the Territories themselves, to prohibit or allow slavery in them.

The argument that the citizens of the South are insulted and outraged by not being permitted to carry their "property" with them into the Territories, the common property of the Union, is summarily disposed of. "Certainly, if slaveholders may consider themselves insulted by such a restriction, a multitude of our citizens who are restrained from making paper money, selling spirituous liquor, &c., may regard themselves as insulted by our State Legislature. There is no more reason in the one case than in the other, why the minority may not object to the rule prescribed by the majority as insulting." The Address hits upon the true reason of the outcry of the Slavery-Propagandists:

"There is a reason, however, why a complaint is made in the one case and not in the other, and that is found in the fact that the planters and slaveholders are so much accustomed to the exercise of absolute authority, as well over those about them at home as in the affairs of Government, that all opposition to their wishes is apt to be considered as 'insolent;' and that was, in fact, the term recently applied by Mr. Calhoun to the petition of the people of New Mexico, praying that Congress would exclude slavery from their Territory. It is this temper, and the indulged pride of our Southern brethren, fostered by habits of exerting absolute authority in all things, which render them indignant at opposition, no matter upon what grounds of reason and public policy such opposition may be founded."

The Address proceeds to discuss in a calm, conclusive style, the power of Congress to exclude slavery from the Territories, and its duty, appealing to the action of the Government from 1787. Mr. Calhoun's character and course are analyzed, and it is shown that he is at the bottom of this formidable excitement of the slavery question—that, for political purposes, he has habitually endeavored to influence the public mind of the South on the question, filling it with morbid apprehensions of Northern designs.

We copy the closing portion of the Address, with the names of the signers, who are all members of the Democratic Party. It is worthy of attention:

"We cannot understand how those who recognise the evils of slavery, who see as we in the Valley of the Mississippi cannot avoid seeing, how it retards the growth and prosperity of communities, impairs enterprise and paralyzes the industry of a people, and impedes the diffusion of knowledge amongst them, to say nothing of the aristocratic tendencies and the degradation which it attaches to labor, can conscientiously consent to imposing it upon any other people. Without considering it in its moral and religious aspects, but viewing it solely as a political and economical question, it seems to us neither honest nor democratic to entail such an institution upon the regions which we now hold in trust for unborn millions. It is in this light we view the question before us, and in considering it here, although our opponents may have some advantage in the existence of slavery in Missouri, we are satisfied that no triumph can be durable with our people, except that based upon truth and reason. It is already manifest, indeed, that the success which Mr. Calhoun obtained in uniting Southern politicians upon his doctrines was but a temporary triumph. His subtle and ingenious intellect has been the source of all the artful and numerous obstacles which have been thrown in the way of the Jefferson proviso. His are the restless energies which organized and arrayed the South, and denounced proscription and disqualifications upon all aspirants for the Presidency who refused to stand on his platform. They were his immediate friends in the Conventions of Alabama, Virginia, and Florida, who brought forward this test act, and in this State we find that the most intolerant and violent upon the subject are those who, under the leadership of the late Mr. Penn, endeavored to give effect to Mr. Calhoun's policy in this State. Many, indeed, have been drawn into the support of his opinions on this occasion by the circumstances to which we have already adverted, who would not otherwise have embraced them.

"But that occasion has now passed; time for reflection and rational argument has been afforded; and the defeat which his doctrines brought upon us, may have helped to enforce the argument; but more than all, perhaps, by the fact that he has lately had a meeting of the Southern Representatives in Congress, with a view to carry out practically the principles he and his friends have been enforcing, and which our politicians generally sanctioned, and it being seen that the results to which these principles lead are treason and disunion, all but a handfull of followers, who partook his frenzy, shrunk away from him, thus demonstrating the folly and untenableness of the doctrines. All who had any remains of patriotism and judgment saw that there must be fallacy in the logic which leads to such results. The reaction has already begun, and therefore the tide of error, conjured up by passion and ambition, is receding, and with it will fall all hope of alienating the Democracy of Missouri from the Radical Democracy of the North, with whom they have been so long associated.

The restricted suffrage which a property qualification imposes, and the rotten-borough systems which exist in Virginia and South Carolina, by which the poor white man is placed exactly upon a footing with the free negro, and is actually less considered in the legislation of the country than the slave, do not make them the model republics for Missouri. The existence of Slavery in those States produces an aristocracy to all intents and purposes, as effectually as it results from the laws of Great Britain, or any other country where it is recognised by titles of nobility. All political power and social consideration is in the hands of the slaveholders, who are occupied, like the English aristocracy, almost exclusively with political affairs and amusements, having overseers to manage their plantations and business, precisely as the same class in Europe have their stewards and agents to manage for them. The effect of such institutions is the same in both countries, to make the laboring class a degraded class, and to deprive them of all power and consideration in the country, which inevitably subjects them to oppression. Every one familiar with the condition of the people in those States will feel the force of this remark, and know that the entire insignificance and degradation of the poor, landless, non-slave-owning white man, arises from this cause. It is a cause less sensibly felt in Missouri, because of the comparatively small number of slaves here, and because as yet land is cheap, and almost every one who comes may become an independent proprietor; in consequence of which, we have now free and universal suffrage, and essentially democratic institutions. But still we may perceive in the almost united action of our political men with Southern politicians, in favor of the extension of slavery, that the wishes of even the few slaveholders in Missouri are more regarded than those of everybody else, although they are not as one in a hundred of our population. So far, therefore, from permitting the extension of this institution, according to Southern policy, the contrary policy—the Northern Democratic policy—is the true one for us; and that policy is to keep free territorie free; free, not only to all within the Union, but free to every lover of freedom throughout the world. But the Northern Democratic policy goes further, and proposes not only that every institution which begets a privileged and ruling class be kept out of this territory, but to give permanent security to individual independence in it, by donating to every settler a portion of that large domain for a homestead, and providing effectually against his being deprived of it for any cause.

"Our sympathies join those of the Democracy of the North, whose spirit is to respect persons, and not property, to elevate the masses by referring all questions to them, instead of degrading them by disfranchisement, which seeks to give new securities to individual independence and equality, and new impulses to the improvement and happiness of our race.

"It is this spirit of the Democracy of Missouri which gives us full confidence that, whenever a question is fairly presented to them of the extension of Domestic Slavery, involving so much as it does that is at war with that spirit, that they will unite their voice upon it with their ancient allies, the Freemen of the North.

"In conclusion, we beg leave to call the attention of the Democracy of Missouri to the position, on this subject, of our distinguished Senator, Col. Benton; both for the purpose of enforcing by the authority of his great name the argument we have attempted above, and also of awakening the attention of his friends to the intrigue now maturing against him, under cover of this question. His friends will see at once, that those most busy in Missouri, in denouncing the proviso, are none other than Benton's old enemies; and although many of them are Northern men, and must therefore be disinclined to the extension of Slavery, if there be any force in blood and education, it is enough, however, to change in them the principles of their fathers and the habits of their lives, that Benton voted for the proviso for Oregon, and denounced the attempt made by Calhoun and his adherents, to carry Slavery to the Pacific shore. We have not, indeed, any apprehension that they will be more successful now, than they have been heretofore, in their attempts to displace Col. Benton either from his seat in the Senate or from the confidence in the people of Missouri. Yet the industry which these persons bring to their task, and the extent of the combination they have made against him, require that no vigilance or activity be spared on the part of his friends. And especially is it incumbent on them to explain fully to the people the question by which his enemies expect to enlist their prejudices against him, so that they may see that upon this, as upon all past occasions, he is the friend of the working-man.

"M. Blair,
M. R. Fitzpatrick
O. D. Filley
F. M. Haight
Wm. McKee
John R. Shepley
Henry McKee, Jr.
Waldemar A. Fischer
Sextus Shearer
F. P. Blair, Jr.
John Doyle
Thomas Jackson
M. C. Cook
W. H. Maurice
Nicholas Devereux
Andrew Krug
Chr. Kribben
John Reilly
M. Van Lear
R. J. Howard
W. Barton
Jacob Smith
H. H. Haight
Wm. S. McKee
G. F. Filley
Ed. Milligan
H. Heuer
Hugh Rose
F. A. Dick
George Johnson
Lorenzo Braun
Harris B. Dunham
S. Gardner
G. J. Murray
Ferdinand Hausler
Henry F. Watson
Edw'd Fitzpatrick
Thos. O'Flaherty."

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE ERA.

Fort Madison, Iowa.

Dr. Bailey: It is about a year since I troubled you with an epistle in reference to political and other matters in our young State. Time brings about great and important changes. The year past has ushered in the dawn of Liberty in several of the despotic nations of Europe, and before long their thrones, and those who have filled them, will disappear. As intelligence is diffused, the political equality of all men will be acknowledged and enjoyed, where before the will of one man was the law. The example of free government we show to the balance of mankind has been seen, examined, and in many of its provisions approved and adopted by the people in Europe, where they have the power. How much greater would be our influence for good with them, if we could succeed in making Liberty the possession of all the inhabitants of our land, which is their right, if not forfeited by the commission of crime, and which right is acknowledged and declared by the Constitution!

It gives me pleasure to see that the efforts made to give and secure Liberty to all the oppressed and enslaved in our land, in a reasonable, peaceable, and legal way, have not been in vain. I have recurred to great events in Europe, but what do we see here? When I last wrote you, the address to the people of the United States by the allies of New Hampshire had just been issued, urging upon them to unite, if they intended to act efficiently against the Slave Power. The address contained admirable sentiments, and good reasons why this union should be formed. A similar sentiment seemed to pervade the minds of men of all parties who were opposed to slavery and its further extension; and the result was, a general simultaneous movement throughout the free North, and in several of the slave States, to bring about this union, and make it permanent and effective. Our labor has not been in vain; the reasonableness and necessity of the leading measure we advocated and contended for was acknowledged almost universally by those who declined to act with us. They will almost all go against the extension of slavery, and before long will go for its exclusion from the national capital and domain. Yes, it has been our *business* to keep this subject before the people; and if we continue to do so for four years more, I rather think they will be ready for action at the ballot-box. What has been already done by the advocates of "Free Speech, a Free Press, Free Labor, and Free Men," ought to encourage them to further and more persevering efforts to make their principles the principles of the American nation. Wrong will not always triumph.

When I last wrote you, we were on the point of organizing the Liberty party, and starting a paper in the State, to advocate our views and proclaim our principles. The Liberty party are now almost all supporters of the Free Labor and Free Soil party. The paper has been published as regularly as could be done, and is now in full blast, with a fair share of patronage. All this is more than I hoped for the first year. An effort made by our friends throughout the State, and in our neighborhood in Illinois, to obtain subscribers and donations to the support of the "Freeman," will place it on a permanent basis, which I hope will be done.

The year of Jubilee will soon come, only a few months hence. Delaware will, very probably, abolish slavery before the end of 1849. Slavery should be abolished in the District before the end of the same year. Let Congress grant a fair compensation to the slaveholders residing therein, who, I hope, will have magnanimity enough to unite with their Northern brethren in passing an act that will make 1850 truly a year of Jubilee and rejoicing, not only in the District, but in many other parts of the nation. The slave trade there has long been a disgrace to us all. Let us never tire, but act till the day comes, when "Liberty will be proclaimed throughout all the land, to all the inhabitants thereof."

I am glad to see the people of New Mexico are moving against the introduction of slavery therein. It is proposed to buy and annex Cuba: of course, if this is done, the Wilmot Proviso can extend South as well as West. Let "no more slave Territory, no more slave States," still be our motto. As we are in favor of freedom, let us act with perseverance and energy in the cause.

Yours, respectfully, W.

New York, *March* 22, 1849.

Dear Sir: I saw the new member of Congress, Mr. Durkee, at Southport, Wisconsin. He is true as the needle to the pole, and the reason why is, that he is a religious man—truly so—and the country will find in him a true patriot. He told me his election turned upon the straightforwardness of his principles. Both his opponents formerly belonged to an Anti-Slavery Society with him, and backed out, and he told the people so, while he had uniformly been an Abolitionist. I found a strong repugnance to the law of 1793, in regard to fugitives from labor, and, from conversation with many persons, I am led to the conclusion, that *that law has done more to give the Constitution a pro-slavery character,* than any other act of Congress. It is the constitutional *dye pot* in which the Judges of the Supreme Court have immersed their official papers—on slavery—on personal freedom.

Our State laws on personal liberty have failed about as much as they in most cases have transcended their authority.

I have seen nothing nearer right than our Judge Edmonds's decision, "That the claimant for a slave must prove, by the laws of the State from whence he came," that the defendant "was held to service or labor," which is very different from Judge Dickey's decision, that a slaveholder can take his slave wherever he can find him, even without process of law. You will perhaps recollect that I forwarded you some articles, printed in the Newburgh Telegraph, a year ago last fall, on the Wilmot Proviso, &c. Little did I think that so large a portion of the Democratic party would endorse them now, or that even that paper itself would, but it has so fully.

Kentucky seems to be the battle ground now. How would an article on Emancipation read, founded on the same basis as Croton Water is obtained for our city; that is—upon the ground of a great public benefit, wherein none are losers, but all gainers; and, instead of gradual Emancipation, let it be immediate, and let the State issue stock, to be paid at the end of 20, 30, and 40 years, for about half the value of the slaves, the interest and principal to be paid by a capitation tax on all persons, a tax on personal property, and mainly the balance on real estate, and the holders of slaves to receive this stock for half the value of the slaves.

There is no doubt but the loss that the slaveholders expect to suffer, both of laborers and labor, is the great bar to Emancipation. This plan would secure both.

FOREIGN MARKETS.

AMERICAN PRODUCE MARKET, LIVERPOOL.

Ashes.—A steady demand for first Montreal Pots, which are rather scarce. The sale for New York Pots and Pearls very limited, though pressed on the market at 40*s.* a 36*s.*

Beef.—We cannot quote any change in the market; and though our accounts by the Europa state that prices in New York are rather dearer, with but few shipments made during the two weeks, it has caused but slight change here, and the holders are most willing to effect sales even below our quotations, as from present prospects we have an ample supply for the whole season.

Bacon.—The import continues large and steady, and yet the consumption has proved fully equal. The arrivals from the West, via New Orleans, rapidly increase, but the quality varies very much, and a major part, for so far, is more or less tainted. The stock at present in first hands is limited, but our advices lead us to expect very large supplies, and opinion is that we will experience a steady demand without much alteration in value; say very fine quality 38*s.*, secondary 32*s.* and inferior 28*s.* to 30*s.*

Pork.—For so far this season the sales of Pork have been equal to the supply, which consisted almost solely of P. M., of a quality above the average of American shipments. The trade, however, buy with great caution, as they expect a further reduction in price; in fact, we may here add that the universal opinion is that in every kind of food we will have unusually low prices for the remainder of the season.

Lard continues to arrive, and to some extent, though we were led by our letters to expect that the United States markets were bare of any stock fully two months since. The change in price is decidedly lower, fully equal to 1*s.* per cwt. on barrels and kegs, while for quality New York bladdered has been freely sold at 40*s.* 6*d.* The stock held here is too large for this season of the year to expect any improvement.

Tallow has remained very steady in price, and the quality of that received lately has been very fine. We have been able to realize 1*s.* advance.

Cheese.—Only a small parcel has arrived, the quality very secondary. Our market has been and is very bare of stock, but, on the contrary, London has been overstocked, and our principal dealers have bought very freely there at rates from 38*s.* to 40*s.*, of fine and superior quality, which will afford the expense of paying carriage hero. The season now, however, may be considered at an end.

DOMESTIC MARKETS.

BALTIMORE.

Beef Cattle.—Prices range from $2.75 to $4 per 100 pounds on the hoof, equal to $5.50 a $7 75 net, and averaging about $3.40 gross weight, showing a slight decline.

Hogs.—There is a fair supply. Sales of live at $5.50 a $5.95 per 100 pounds.

Flour and Meal.—The flour market remains inactive. Howard Street brands at $4.25, and closing dull on 'change at this price; City Mills at $4.37½. Corn meal, $2.25 a $2.37½. Rye flour, $3 per barrel.

Grain and Seeds.—The receipts of all kinds of grain are small. Pennsylvania red wheat, prime quality, at 93 cents, and Maryland reds at 91 cents. Corn is dull; we note sales of white at 41 a 43 cents, and yellow at 48 a 49 cents. Oats, 20 a 26 cents. Rye, 55 a 56 cents. Clover seed, $3.50.

Provisions.—The transactions in barrelled meats have been limited; prices are tending downwards. We quote mess pork at $10.87½ a $11, nominal; prime, $8.87½. Nothing doing in beef. Bacon remains unchanged. Lard, 6½ a 7¼ cents per pound, in barrels and kegs.

☞ The Anniversary of the American and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society will be held, with Divine permission, at the Broadway Tabernacle, New York, on Tuesday, May 8th, at three o'clock, P. M., when the Annual Report will be presented, and addresses made by several able Anti-Slavery friends. It is hoped that there will be a numerous attendance of Anti-Slavery friends from all parts of the country, as it is expected the meeting will be one of great interest, especially to those who are interested in the moral and religious aspects of the cause. The members of the American and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society will meet at the Society's rooms, No. 61 John street, at nine o'clock, May 8th.

WILLIAM JAY,
S. S. JOCELYN,
LEWIS TAPPAN,
GEORGE WHIPPLE,
ARNOLD BUFFUM,
Committee of Arrangements.

Editors of newspapers friendly to the cause are respectfully requested to insert the above notice until the Anniversary.

☞ The undersigned, the State Central Committee appointed by the Convention of the Free Democracy which assembled at Ann Arbor on the 20th of September last, hereby give notice that a State Convention will be held at Jackson, on Wednesday, the second day of May next, at twelve o'clock at noon, to nominate candidates for the offices of Governor and Lieutenant Governor, to be supported at the next General Election, and to take such measures as shall be thought expedient by the Convention to promote the interest of the Free Democracy.

Each county in the State will be entitled to be represented by delegates to the number of double its representation in the lower branch of the Legislature.

HOVEY K. CLARKE.
GEORGE F. PORTER.
AUSTIN BLAIR.
ERASTUS HUSSEY.

February 27, 1849.—2t

☞ Maine State Free Soil Convention.—A Delegate Convention of the Free Soil men of Maine, for the nomination of Governor, and for such other business as may properly come before it, will be held at Lewiston on Wednesday, the 6th of June next, at ten o'clock, A. M. Towns and plantations of one thousand inhabitants or under will be entitled to one representative; those of over one and not more than two thousand, to two delegates; over two and not more than three thousand, to three delegates—and so on in like ratio, up to ten thousand—no city or town being allowed more than ten delegates.

It is earnestly hoped that no town in the State will fail to send its due proportion of delegates; and it is trusted, also, that as many as possible of the friends of Freedom who are not delegated may be present, that we may have all the spirit and ardor of a mass meeting

Per order of the Central Committee.

March 17, 1849.—4t

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

CONTENTS OF No. 257.—Price, twelve and a half cents.

1. Hunt's Poetry of Science.—*Examiner.*
2. The Closing Year. By the Erskine Neal.—*Britannia.*
3. Aytoun's Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers.—*Spectator.*
4. The British Colonies.—*Times.*
5. The Self-Seer—concluded.—*Fraser's Magazine.*
6. Fontainebleau.—*Musee des Familles.*
7. Lamartine's Raphael.—*Britannia.*
8. Canada.—*New York Courier.*

SHORT ARTICLES.

Thomson's Poems. The Preacher. Gold Seeker's Manual. Andrew Kintoch. The Toothache. Bibliomania in the Middle Ages. Smith's Canadian Gazetteer.

Published weekly, at six dollars a year, by
E. LITTELL & CO., Boston.

Washington, *December* 27, 1845.

Of all the Periodical Journals devoted to literature and science, which abound in Europe and in this country, this has appeared to me to be the most useful. It contains indeed the exposition only of the current literature of the English language; but this, by its immense extent and comprehension, includes a portraiture of the human mind in the utmost expansion of the present age.

J. Q. ADAMS.

MOUNT PLEASANT BOARDING SCHOOL FOR BOYS, AMHERST, MASS.

REV. J. A. NASH, PRINCIPAL.

THE Summer Term of this School will commence on Wednesday, the 2d of May, and continue to October 1st, five months.

Among the branches taught are Vocal Music, Elocution, Spelling, Reading, Writing, Composition, English Grammar, Geography, Arithmetic, Algebra, French, Latin Grammar, Greek Grammar, and the Latin and Greek Classics, for an accurate and thorough preparation for College.

It is strictly a *select family school,* limited to twenty-five, from eight to sixteen years of age, all boarding in the family of the Principal, with the Teachers, and receiving his constant supervision.

Inquiries may be made of President Edward Hitchcock, D. D., Professor Aaron Warner, Professor William S. Tyler, Professor H. B. Smith, Professor C. B. Adams, Professor E. S. Snell, Professor C. U. Shepard, of Amherst College.

Terms.—For board, tuition, washing, mending, fuel, and lights, eighty dollars per half year, payable in advance.

For Circulars, giving fuller information and numerous references, address the Principal, Amherst, Mass.

April 5.—3t

THE DAGUERREOTYPE, AND FOREIGN MISCELLANY:

A Magazine of Literature and Science, compiled in part from the Periodical Publications of England, France, and Germany.

PUBLISHED by Crosby & Nichols, No. 111 Washington street, Boston.

Contents of 11th number of Vol. 3—*March* 24, 1849.

Macaulay's History of England.—*Fraser's Magazine*
Hungary in 1848.—*Translated for the Daguerreotype.*
Princes and Priests; or, Oriental Daguerreotypes.—*Sharpe's London Magazine.*
The Travels of Sheikh Zain el Abidin.—*Translated for the Daguerreotype.*
Notes on Men and Things in Australia.—*New Monthly Magazine.*
Aunt Bridget's Story.—*Belle Assemblee.*
Love and Mesmerism.—*Dublin University Magazine.*
Collectanea.
Literary and Scientific Intelligence.
Short Reviews and Notices.

DE WOLF & FARWELL,

ATTORNEYS and Counsellors at Law. Office, Clark street, opposite the Court House, Chicago, Illinois.

CALVIN DE WOLF.
Jan. 4—1y. WILLIAM W. FARWELL.

THE PARKEVILLE HYDROPATHIC INSTITUTE,

ACCESSIBLE from all parts of the United States, situated two miles south of Woodbury, the county town of Gloucester county, New Jersey, (near Philadelphia,) is now open for the reception of patients.

The buildings having been erected expressly for the treatment of disease upon the Water-Cure system, the managers believe they can afford relief in all cases of *Gout, Rheumatism, Bronchitis,* incipient *Consumption, Dyspepsia, Constipation, Diarrhœa, Paralysis, Nervous, Febrile, and Cutaneous Diseases,* and in many other cases where the usual remedies have failed.

The treatment of disease by water is no longer matter of experiment. But a few years have elapsed since the first Water-Cure Institution was opened in the United States; and the result of its administration, in both acute and chronic diseases, has convinced the most incredulous of its efficacy.

This Establishment has been opened as a Water-Cure institution strictly; yet, believing a thorough knowledge of the theory and practice of medicine to be necessary for success *under any system,* we will not reject any of those aids and appliances deemed important to the welfare and health of the patients. The managers, while they offer the advantages of their Institution to the diseased, would also tender them the comforts and conveniences of a home.

In the experience and skill of the Superintendent, (Dr. George T. Dexter,) who was one of the earliest practitioners of Hydropathy in this country, the managers have the utmost confidence.

The location of this Institution has been selected for the peculiar salubrity of its atmosphere, the purity and inexhaustible supply of water, its proximity to Philadelphia, and the advantages which it offers for fully carrying out the principles and practice of the *Water Cure.*

The Bathing Department has been constructed after the European plan, every chamber being provided with a plunge, foot, and sitz bath. The Douche has a fall of twenty feet, and can be elevated ten feet higher if necessary, while the main plunge is supplied from a never-failing spring of pure water, of the invariable temperature of 50 degrees Fahrenheit. The servants and bath attendants have been selected with the greatest care, and are accustomed to the economy of an Hydropathic establishment.

Parkeville is about eight miles from Philadelphia, surrounded by a flourishing neighborhood of industrious and enterprising farmers. Communication may be had with the city, either by water or otherwise several times daily.

Terms—Eight dollars per week, which includes board, treatment, and all other charges, except washing. Those requiring extra accommodation will be charged accordingly. Patients will be expected to bring with them two linen sheets, two large woollen blankets, four comfortables, and half a dozen crash towels; or they may purchase them at the Institution, at their option.

Application to be made to *Samuel Webb,* Secretary, No. 58 South Fourth street, Philadelphia; to *Dr. Dexter,* at the Institute; or to *Dr. G. Bailey, jun.,* Washington city.

April 5.—1y

TEMPERANCE.

BEERS'S TEMPERANCE HOTEL, *Third street, north of Pennsylvania avenue, and near the Railroad Depot, Washington City.* Prices to suit the times. April 29.—tf

JAY & FIELD,

ATTORNEYS, Solicitors, and Counsellors at Law. Office, 20 Nassau street, New York.

JOHN JAY.
Feb. 8.—3m MAUNSELL B. FIELD.

THE FREE SOIL READING ROOM AND HEADQUARTERS,

AT the southwest corner of Sixth and Carpenter streets, above Chesnut, Philadelphia, is now open for the Public, and will continue so from 8 A. M. to 10 P. M., each day, during the campaign.

The arrangements for the receipt of papers are not yet entirely complete, so that but a small proportion of those which are expected in a few days have been received. The Committee have made arrangements for the receipt of all the prominent Free Soil papers of the Union, and some both of neutral and opposite politics will be upon the files. Editors and publishers of Free Soil papers who have not been written to by the Committee, and who wish to avail themselves of the excellent opportunity afforded of displaying their sheets, where great good may be done to the cause by throwing their reading matter before the Public, can do so by mailing copies to the Free Soil Reading Room, Philadelphia.

Subscription lists to such papers as may desire it will be kept open at the Room.

By order of the Committee. Oct. 19.

COMMISSION STORE.

WM. GUNNISON, *General Commission Merchant,* 101 *Bowly's Wharf, Baltimore, Md.* Dec. 23.—1y

ATLANTIC HOUSE.

DANIEL PEARSON, Cabot street, Beverly, Massachusetts. May 4.

PATENTS.

PATENT AGENCY.—All matters connected with the Patent Office, Drawings, Specifications, &c., accurately and promptly prepared and attended to.

Aug. 26. S. A. PEUGH, Washington, D. C.

MASSACHUSETTS QUARTERLY REVIEW.

No. VI.—March, 1849.

EDITED by Theodore Parker. Devoted to the Great Questions of the Day, in Politics, Religion, Humanity, &c. Terms, three dollars per year, in advance.

New subscribers, remitting four dollars and a half, will be supplied with the work from the beginning to the close of the second volume.

Liberal commissions allowed to agents for new subscribers.

Contents of No. 6.

The German Revolution of 1848.
The Eternity of God.
Discovery of America by the Norsemen.
Character of Mr. Prescott as an Historian.
Oxford Poetry.
Short Reviews and Notices.

COOLIDGE & WILEY, Publishers,
March 22. No. 12 Water street, Boston.

JUST PUBLISHED,

POSITION and Duties of the North with regard to Slavery, by Andrew P. Peabody. Reprinted from the Christian Examiner of July, 1843. An interesting and neat covered pamphlet of 22 pages. Price, 10 cents single, $1 per dozen. For sale at the Depository, 61 John street, by

Feb. 3. WILLIAM HARNED.

OLD DOCTOR JACOB TOWNSEND,

THE ORIGINAL DISCOVERER OF

THE GENUINE TOWNSEND SARSAPARILLA.

OLD Dr. Townsend is now about seventy years of age, and has long been known as the Author and Discoverer of the genuine original "*Townsend Sarsaparilla.*" Being poor, he was compelled to limit its manufacture, by which means it has been kept out of market, and the sales circumscribed to those only who had proved its worth and known its value. It had reached the ears of many, nevertheless, as those persons who had been healed of sore diseases, and saved from death, proclaimed its excellence and wonderful healing power. This

Grand and Unequalled Preparation

is manufactured on the largest scale, and is called for throughout the length and breadth of the land.

Unlike young S. P. Townsend's, it improves with age, and never changes, but for the better; because it is prepared on scientific principles, by a scientific man. The highest knowledge of Chemistry, and the latest discoveries of the Art, have all been brought into requisition in the manufacture of the *Old Doctor's Sarsaparilla.* The Sarsaparilla root, it is well known to medical men, contains many medicinal properties, and some properties which are inert or useless; and others, which, if retained in preparing it for use, produce fermentation and *acid,* which is injurious to the system. Some of the properties of Sarsaparilla are so volatile, that they entirely evaporate and are lost in the preparation, if they are not preserved by a scientific process, known only to those experienced in its manufacture. Moreover, these volatile principles, which fly off in vapor, or as an exhalation, under heat, are the very essential medical properties of the root, which give to it all its value. The

Genuine Old Dr. Jacob Townsend's Sarsaparilla

is so prepared, that all the inert properties of the Sarsaparilla root are first removed, everything capable of becoming acid or of fermentation is extracted and rejected; then every particle of medical virtue is secured in a pure and concentrated form; and thus it is rendered incapable of losing any of its valuable and healing properties. Prepared in this way, it is made the most powerful agent in the

Cure of Innumerable Diseases.

Hence the reason why we hear commendations on every side, in its favor, by men, women, and children. We find it doing wonders in the cure of *Consumption, Dyspepsia,* and *Liver Complaint,* and in *Rheumatism, Scrofula,* and *Piles, Costiveness,* all *Cutaneous Eruptions, Pimples, Blotches,* and all affections arising from

Impurity of the Blood.

It possesses a marvellous efficacy in all complaints arising from indigestion, from acidity of the stomach, from unequal circulation, determination of blood to the head, palpitation of the heart, cold feet and cold hands, cold chills and hot flashes over the body. It has not had its equal in coughs and colds, and promotes easy expectoration and gentle perspiration, relaxing stricture of the lungs, throat, and every other part.

But in nothing is its excellence more manifestly seen and acknowledged than in all kinds and stages of

Female Complaints.

It works wonders in cases of *fluor albus* or whites, falling of the womb, obstructed, suppressed, or painful menses, irregularity of the menstrual periods, and the like; and is effectual in curing all forms of the kidney disease.

By removing obstructions, and regulating the general system, it gives tone and strength to the whole body, and cures all forms of

Nervous Diseases and Debility,

and thus prevents or relieves a great variety of other diseases, as spinal irritation, neuralgia, St. Vitus dance, swooning, epileptic fits, convulsions, &c.

Is not this, then,

The Medicine you Pre-eminently Need?

But can any of these things be said of S. P. Townsend's inferior article? This young man's liquid is not to be

Compared with the Old Dr.'s,

because of one *Grand Fact,* that the one is *Incapable of Deterioration* and

Never Spoils,

while the other does; it sours, ferments, and blows the bottles containing it into fragments; the sour, acid liquid exploding, and damaging other goods! Must not this horrible compound be poisonous to the system? What! put acid into a system already diseased with acid! What causes dyspepsia but acid? Do we not all know, that when food sours in our stomachs, what mischief it produces!—flatulence, heartburn, palpitation of the heart, liver complaint, diarrhœa, dysentery, colic, and corruption of the blood? What is scrofula but an acid humor in the body? What produces all the humors which bring on eruptions of the skin, scald head, salt rheum, erysipelas, white swellings, fever-sores, and all ulcerations, internal and external? It is nothing under heaven but an acid substance, which sours, and thus spoils all the fluids of the body, more or less. What causes rheumatism, but a sour acid fluid, which insinuates itself between the joints and elsewhere, irritating and inflaming the tender and delicate tissues upon which it acts? So of nervous diseases, of impurity of the blood, of deranged circulations, and nearly all the ailments which afflict human nature.

Now, is it not horrible to make and sell, and infinitely worse to use, this

Souring, Fermenting, Acid "Compound" of S. P. Townsend!

and yet he would fain have it understood that Old Dr. Jacob Townsend's *Genuine Original Sarsaparilla,* is an *Imitation* of his inferior preparation!!

Heaven forbid that we should deal in an article which would bear the most distant resemblance to S. P. Townsend's article! and which should bring down upon the Old Dr. such a mountain load of complaints and criminations from Agents who have sold, and purchasers who have used S. P. Townsend's *Fermenting Compound.*

We wish it understood, because it is the *absolute truth,* that S. P. Townsend's article and Old Dr. Jacob Townsend's Sarsaparilla are heaven wide apart, and infinitely dissimilar; that they are unlike in every particular, having not one single thing in common.

As S. P. Townsend is no doctor, and never was, is no chemist, no pharmaceutist—knows no more of medicine or disease than any other common, unscientific, unprofessional man, what guarantee can the public have that they are receiving a genuine scientific medicine, containing all the virtues of the articles used in preparing it, and which are incapable of changes which might render them the *agents* of *disease,* instead of health?

It is to arrest frauds upon the unfortunate, to pour balm into wounded humanity, to kindle hope in the despairing bosom, to restore health and bloom and vigor into the crushed and broken, and to banish infirmity—that OLD DR. JACOB TOWNSEND has *sought* and *found* the opportunity and means to bring his

Grand, Universal, Concentrated Remedy,

within the reach, and to the knowledge of all who need it, that they may learn and know, by joyful experience, its

Transcendent Power to Heal!

☞ For sale in Washington City by—

J. F. Callan
S. Butt
Z. D. & W. H. Gilman
M. Delany
April 12—w Ridgely & Co.

THE NATIONAL ERA.

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For the National Era.

RETRIBUTION:

A TALE OF PASSION.

BY MRS. EMMA D. E. SOUTHWORTH.

“Crime is its own Retributer.”

[CONCLUDED.]

Taking up a small golden whistle, studded with jewels, (Juliette affected oriental *bijouterie*,) she blew a soft, clear call, which was answered by a small boy, in the fantastical garb of a page—

“Has the Signior Ippolyto returned?”

“Si, Signora.”

“Let him know that I will receive him here.”

With a low bow, the boy withdrew from the room.

The Signior di Nozzilino reëntered the *boudoir* soon after.

As he came in, she sank into a deep lounging chair that stood with its back to the wall, and motioned him to take the seat in front of her; so that while she might scrutinize the workings of his mind in his features, her own face remained in deep shadow, and the expression of her countenance was concealed. He took the seat that she indicated.

She was still as a statue or as the surface of a volcano. At last she commenced speaking, and in tones and words that deepened in intensity and fervor as she went on, suppressing all that was exasperating in her own deportment, and exaggerating everything that was violent and insulting in her husband's conduct, she told the story of her pretended wrongs—watching his countenance the while, which answered to her words like the chords of a fine-toned lyre to the touch of a skillful musician—observing how its indignation arose, as her story progressed, until, at its climax, he sprang to his feet and clapped his hand upon his rapier with a ring that awoke the echoes. How much of this was real, and how much acting, she was soon to know. With a graceful wave of the hand, she brought him to his seat again.

“And ‘to these vile uses’ does he deem that *I* shall come, Ippolyto!”

Then hastily she inquired—

“When does the Grand Duke go, Ippolyto?”

“In ten days, Signora,” said he, sadly.

“And you accompany him, of course.”

“With the deepest regret, *Bellissima Guilliette*.”

He said this in a tone of the deepest dejection, while his eyes seemed floating with tenderness.

She gave him both her hands, leaning them heavily upon his palms; she looked, she gazed into his eyes as though she would wile the soul from his bosom, and then she spoke, or, rather, notes of softest, clearest music floated from her lips, forming themselves into these words, and falling naturally into the most melodious language, to express the most passionate sentiment—

“Noi ci amiamo insieme, Ippolyto! Che più sperar si può? Lasciami venir conte!”

And she leaned forward and dropped her head upon his bosom. Gently releasing himself, he replied, smilingly—

“Tu ti dai alle jurie mià Cara! Il Generale e il mio amico. Je voglio vivere con te e voglio amarti tutto il tempo che noi resteremo, sotto questo tetto, ma nón giammai juggerò conte. Mentre non voglio trattore cosi ingratamenté il Generale tuo marito.”

She averted and upraised her face. Well had it been for his safety, could he have seen the expression of intense anguish and hellish malignity that tortured that horribly beautiful countenance! He only saw, as she raised and turned away her head, her tiara of rubies flash and gleam like Satan's diadem of fire. She was still and silent for a few minutes, and then, in a quiet, aye, even humble tone, she said—

“Leave me, Ippolyto.”

He dropped upon his knee, with a devotion and reverence deeper than he had ever shown before; he raised her hand to his lips, arose, and was gone.

She now sprang upon her feet with the strong elastic bound of a wild beast, shaking with fury from head to foot. She essayed to speak—she was choking—she must speak or die; at last, words that seemed in their passage to have torn and riven her dark bosom, burst from her lips—short, curt, strong, and mad, as gasps from the tortured; and her teeth gnashed between every word, with the quick, strong, fierce snap of the tiger's jaws.

“Death!—death!—death!—death!”

Gusts of passion swept over, shaking her; she wrung and twisted her dark and jewelled fingers, until the gems had torn the flesh.

“This man! this man! who, six weeks since, would have thrown himself into the burning crater of Vesuvius for my love, had I bid him! *Now!* may the fiend catch my *soul* but I'll destroy him! Yes, and that *other!* Yes, *both!* Yes, *both!* One to *death*, and one to shame *worse* than death, will I bring! *I*——I have it! The Grand Duke! These eyes have not lost their spell—this spirit its power—to *catch!* for, oh Satan mocking fiend! thou never gavest them the power to *keep!*”

She struggled with her passion; a few more shudders shook her frame—a few more surges of feeling swept over her, and she mastered her emotion, arose above herself, and assumed her sovereign self-command.

Then her mellow whistle summoned her page again—he entered.

“Have lights brought in, Belto; and tell Ninnetta and Bianca to attend me here.”

The boy bowed to the ground, and withdrew.

“Yes,” thought she, “there is no time to be lost. I must go to this Royal festival to-night, at least.”

She was silent a few minutes, and then her splendid imagination, lighting up her dark purpose as a conflagration at midnight lights up the darkest landscape, broke out in this invocation to the Arch Fiend.

“Now, Satan, dark, resplendent spirit, more glorious in thy ‘obscured glory,’ more attractive in thy robe of night and flame, and thy crown of fire, and mightier in thy scorn and pride than the seraphim clothed in light and love! Now, Satan, to whom I have given no shrinking, shuddering, divided service, but the whole allegiance of my burning soul!—a soul, I feel it, struck as a spark of living fire from thine own fierce spirit! Now, Satan, prince of the power of the air, who will reward thy fearless, unshrinking worshipper with the kingdoms of the earth and the glory thereof! adjuring all other faith and fealty to Heaven or Earth—I turn to thee—I worship thee—I invoke thee—I hold thee to thy word. Come to me!—come to me!—in dreams of luscious vengeance. Come to me! Come to me in visions of power and dominion. Come to me, and clothe me with thine own might and charm. Give me to win and *retain* love, but never, *never* again let me love. Give me to inspire and perpetuate passion, but never, *never* again to feel it.”

As highly excited violent emotion is phrensy, so deep concentrated passion is strong, brooding, chained insanity. The first is the thunder and lightning above the surface of the earth—the last is the intense, glowing, confined fires at the centre. The outbreak of the first is felt in the purifying storm—the outbreak of the last in the tremendous earthquake.

In three hours from this, Juliette was moving through the saloon of the Royal palace of ———, the cynosure of all eyes. It would be a useless and revolting repetition of her former wiles, to describe how this incarnate Beauty of Evil set her fatal eyes upon a magnate in the land—an eagle in the sky—and, luring him from his high flight, brought him fluttering and powerless to her feet. A burning desire of revenge upon Nozzilino, whose head, by her diabolical machinations, was brought to the block within a year, for an alleged conspiracy—an intense hatred of her husband—a fear of privation—a constitutional love and the habitual necessity of luxury—an aspiring ambition that sought to rule through any means and at any price—those mixed motives—and not an atom of *penchant* for the Royal simpleton, her lover—had driven her to this disgraceful step. In ten days from the evening of the Royal festival, the beautiful *ambassadrice* had vanished from the Court of ———, leaving no trace of her flight, a lost pleiad from Italia's sky.

In twelve days from the same date, the Grand Duke of ——— and *suite* had left the city. She assumed her family name—a name that she had never before been known by—so that there were few, very few, who recognised the beautiful and dangerous Juliette Summers in the powerful and infamous Baroness N———, the mistress of the Grand Duke of ———; that fell woman, whose stupendous crime and awful doom thrilled with horror the whole heart of the Germanic Confederation—whose very skull, taken down from a pole above the city gate, is now, in these Phrenological days, exhibited as the *chef d'œuvre* of demoniac subtlety and malignity. The soul sickens and the heart shudders at this revolting allusion. The story is well known; do not ask me to give you its loathsome and horrible details. With the termination of her connection with the family of Ernest Dent, closes, or should close, our interest in this daughter of Satan—who condensed in her short life of forty years more crime than ever blackened the soul of a Borgia—whose very name gave to the German language a new word expressive of superlative wickedness—whose very fate gave to the German language a new word expressive of superlative wretchedness. I had intended to have reviewed and analyzed this woman's character and life—to have traced from its germ the development of evil in her soul—to have shown how she began by a dalliance with sinful thoughts; how the entertaining of sinful thoughts generated wrong desires, which grew to evil passions; how the indulgence of these evil passions became an inveterate habit; and how, *with all this*, it had cost this sinner as much of struggle, resistance, and perseverance, to become the demon she was, as ever it cost a Christian to become a saint. Life *is* and must *be* a struggle. The wrong-doer is as great a wrestler as the right-doer, with this difference—that the saint struggles against his *worse* nature, and the sinner against his *better* nature. “The power of sinning is not a solitary, unqualified, diabolical power of evil—a dark and cold abstraction of wickedness. No, it is clothed with other qualities. No, it has dread attendants—attendants, I had almost said, that dignify even the wrong. A waiting conscience, visitings—oh! visitings of better thoughts, calls of honor and self-respect come to the sinner; terrific admonition whispering in his secret ear—prophetic warning pointing him to the dim and veiled shadows of a future retribution, and the all-penetrating, all-surrounding idea of an avenging God are present with him; and the right arm of the felon and the transgressor is lifted up amidst lightnings of conviction and thunderings of reproach.”

But it is not upon the fell Juliette that I wish to dwell. *Her* after crimes and their punishment were on too awfully grand a scale for my feeble pen to attempt to portray. I wish to return and follow the fortunes of her *first* victim, Ernest Dent. We have done with her, thank Heaven.

When General Dent left the boudoir of his wife, he had hurried along at random through long galleries, and interminable corridors, and many suites of apartments, until he chanced to come upon a dark, silent room, in a remote part of the palazzo. Here he threw himself into a chair, and groans—such groans as are only sent forth from a great grief in a great heart—broke like burning lava from the crater of his bosom. Nor was it over his squandered fortune, his ruined political hopes, or his lost Juliette, that he grieved most. No; all this he was strong enough to bear. But the humiliation of his bitter self-contempt bowed him to the dust. With all his natural sternness of character, and notwithstanding his grievous moral dereliction, Ernest Dent possessed a sensitive and high-toned sentiment of honor—a magnanimity of character that now, asserting its claims, arose and shamed and reproached him for his violence of manner to a woman, and his wife—nay, more—to a weak and unworthy foe. It was like the magnanimity that armed the ancient knight against the powerful and strong, and sheathed his sword in presence of the weak or the ignoble. All the rest he could have borne better than this self-loathing of a fine, generous nature, that had suffered itself to be provoked into a little meanness. But a darker stain of shame, a deeper, a spirit-crushing humiliation, was in store for him—Juliette's elopement. For the ten days succeeding the scene in the boudoir, he had scarcely seen her, being taken up in preparations for their departure to America, and feeling, also, a natural and strong aversion to her society, not from the thought of *her* bad conduct, but from the memory of *his own* violence. Now, when the fact of her elopement was made known to him, when he knew, beyond a doubt, that dishonor had fallen upon him as a garment—no, I cannot attempt to portray how this proud son of proud Virginia, this haughty descendant of one of England's haughtiest aristocrats, withered and fell under this blow, *for a time*. He did not pursue or attempt to recover her. Oh, no! he could not do that. He could have *no* dealings—not even *legal* dealings—with her now. He could not, he would not, for the world, for redress, for *vengeance*, have looked upon her face again, even in a court of justice. Leaving the disposal of his splendid furniture, his library, his statues, pictures, articles of *vir'u*, &c., in the hands of an agent, he threw himself on board the first home-bound vessel, and sailed for Norfolk. Let us take a look at him as he sits there, in the deep, dark cabin, doubled up—his elbows resting on his knees—his face hid in the broad palms of his hands. We saw him on board of a ship once before, when he stood, in the glorious pride and prime of manhood, erect, with happy and haughty self-consciousness, sustaining on his strong arm the graceful figure of his young and beautiful bride—and we see him now. “Look on this picture, and on that.” Fifteen years have passed, and he is old, poor, dishonored, and forsaken. He was sixty years old. “The heat and burden of the day” of life was past. What had he done? The warp of his years was nearly filled in. What was the woof, his works?

The spring and summer of existence were gone—the seed-time had passed—autumn had come—the harvest was ripe for the sickle. What should he reap—say—sixty? Autumn is gone—winter, the winter of old age, is at hand. The harvest of life is reaped and gathered into barns. With what are they filled? What stores of knowledge and experience, of wisdom and virtue, has he collected? What temptations has he overcome; what Christian progress made; what spiritual growth attained? *None*, alas! and sixty years old! He looked back on the waste of more than half a century—on the first forty years of life spent with his father in toil of body and mind, but in peace of conscience and tranquillity of spirit—two years passed with Hester, his sweet, gentle wife—two blessed years, that, as he now recalled them, seemed a dream of heaven—and then the long and weary years of his second marriage—and, lastly, upon the scenes of the last few days—remembered like the phantasmagoria of a hideous dream! He had ample time for reflection and retrospection during that long sea voyage. He was inert, apathetic, unwilling to make the slightest exertion; the elasticity of his organization was gone; the spring of his energies broken. And in this deplorable state of mind he arrived at Norfolk; took the steamboat for Washington; delivered up his commission; and set out by stage for his home in the Valley of Virginia. All this he did, half unconsciously, like a man in a dream. It was late in an autumn day that General Dent, after an absence of five years, approached the neighborhood of his home. Having previously written to Marcus Derby, that he should be at home on a certain day, he found his old family carriage, with George, his old coachman, waiting for him at the village where the stage stopped. He entered it, and was driven towards the Vale. Now, while he is on the road, I will give you some idea of the home to which he is going. You remember the clean, cool, quiet, fragrant, well-kept home over which sweet Hester Grey presided? That pleasant home in the Green Vale—the homestead of the model farm? You remember the model farm, with its neat, white-painted fences and outhouses, the snug cabins, the well-tended fields, the orchards, the vineyards, and the apiary—the excellent kitchen garden—the lovely flower garden, with its rose bushes and arbors—and you remember the cheerful, willing laborers, whose pride it was to keep all this in the neatest possible order—who were as proud of their model farm as our patriots are of their model Republic?

In a word, you remember the farm in 18—; now look at the farm in 182–. No sadder change had passed over Ernest Dent himself than had passed over his model farm. The house, for want of a little paint, has grown dingy; for the want of a nail driven, a shingle put on, or a pane of glass put in, it is leaking in all the rooms; the paper is mildewed, and hanging from the walls; the windows are broken, and pasted up with paper; some of the doors hang by only one hinge; and dust, and must, and rust, have accumulated all over the house. Green, dank grass has grown up and overgrown the stone steps and the outside doors of the cellar; the house is the very picture of desertion and desolation. Now for the farm. The fences and outhouses are in a miserably dilapidated condition; the fields have been wretchedly tended, and the crop is nought; the trees in the orchard are some of them, for the want of props, broken down with fruit, some of them covered with cobwebs and caterpillars, and some infested with worms; the grape vines in the vineyards, broken down by the storms of years, have been left untrained and unbound, trailing on the ground—dead—the caterpillars had woven over them a shroud of gossamer; the garden has grown up in weeds, and the cattle have trampled down the flowers; the apiary was a ruin. What had wrought this change? When the soul departs, the body falls into dissolution. The soul of liberty and hope had departed from the model farm, and it was sharing the same fate.

As the carriage descended the road that wound down the hill towards the house, he observed much of this, though it was nearly dusk, and the candle-light already gleaming through the front windows of the house. It was quite dark when the carriage drew up before the door, and he alighted, and was caught boisterously in the arms of Marcus Derby, who shouted—

“Welcome! Welcome home, General Dent! Goodness! Is this you? Turn around, old fellow, and let's look at you. Grown corpulent; well, so have *I*—rather. We have had a green turtle ordered up from Norfolk. Come in out of the night air, and kiss Fanny—she's got six boys and five girls. We all took the liberty of coming over here to welcome you home; and we have brought some one with us, too, that you will be glad to see.”

Marcus Derby, whose heels over head good-heartedness was changed by time into the rough *bonhommie* of a country gentleman, ushered General Dent into the old parlor. The mildewed old room was made as comfortable as circumstances would admit by a glowing coal fire and a well-spread tea-table. Fanny Derby, now a fair, placid matron, in a pretty cap, stood near the table to receive him, and offered her cheek to his proffered salute, with the blushing ingenuousness of girlhood. Then stepping back, she took by the hand a fair, slight, graceful girl, in a white muslin dress, and led her up to him, saying—

“Your daughter, General Dent.”

“Yes; we brought her home, a year ago, from school; her health was suffering, as I wrote you. She has been staying with us, and this evening we brought her over to welcome her father home,” said Marcus, coming up.

Ernest Dent drew his fair child towards him, and imprinted a kiss upon her white brow. He wished to fold her to his bosom, but not then or there. He seated her with the courtesy of a gentleman, rather than with the love of a father.

Julie, vision of purity, how shall I describe thee—Hester's gentle child!

> “Some angel guide my pencil while I draw
> What nothing less than angel can portray—
> A maid on earth, devoted to the sky.”

Her infancy and childhood had passed not unlike that of her mother. She had been placed, at the age of eight years, in a Northern boarding school, where she had remained until she was seventeen years old; when, a year before the return of General Dent, Marcus Derby had brought her home for the recruiting of her delicate health. By the way, in the absence of General Dent, Marcus Derby had been left her guardian, to pay her school bills, furnish her books and pocket money, and bring her home every year to spend the August holydays.

With the earliest dawn of this sweet child's intellect had developed a fervent, devoted piety—a soul, an ardent soul, that with intensity of aspiration sought re-union with its Divine origin. *She* never complained, as her more earthly mother had done, of the want of love. Her whole *life* was love; her full *soul* was love; in love she “lived, and moved, and had her being”—in the supreme love of the Infinite. Often, in the devoted aspirations of her fervent soul, she had thought “would that God would give me something to be, or do, or suffer, for his sake.” Such was the enthusiasm of the young saint. Her life was not cold and void—it was as full and as glowing as faith and hope and love—as God could make it.

In person, Julie was a slight, delicate girl, with the thinnest, fairest face you ever saw—with large, clear, dark-gray, hollow eyes. Her high white forehead was slightly shaded with fine, thin, silky, black ringlets—so light and black, that soft shifting shades were constantly playing on the blue-veined temples, brightening the effect of the most spiritual face you ever beheld.

“Now, I'll tell you what it is, General Dent; you have only found your treasure, to lose her again very soon,” said Marcus; “the young bird must leave its nest, you know. I couldn't help it, I haven't been able to keep the fellow away. Henry, where are you, Henry? Come and show your handsome face.”

And a young gentleman, in the undress uniform of a naval officer, advanced from a distant part of the room.

“Lieutenant Henry Bland, United States navy; the youngest son of your old friend, Judge Bland,” said Mr. Derby, presenting him.

The young man gave his hand to General Dent with an air of self appreciation that the latter did not at all approve; so that he turned and looked in Julie's face with some anxiety, but Julie's “moonlight” countenance was “undisturbed and sweet.”

“Oh! he'll do. He'll pass muster,” said Marcus, laughing, clapping him on the back, and they sat down to tea. . . . .

Let me hurry over a few weeks of time. Julie had inherited the Green Vale estate in right of her mother. As in her case there had been no will, so there was no vexatious and procrastinating clause; consequently, on her eighteenth birthday, Julie came into the full possession of her personal property. It was upon this day that Julie was seated with her father, in his study—a close, damp, mildewed closet, enough, now. His countenance was very grave and sad, and his voice very tender, as he conversed with her. They were speaking of that long-deferred, much-vexed question, the emancipation of the colored people on the farm—a step that Julie, from her earliest childhood, had determined to take, as soon as she came into the possession of her property. He was setting before her in its strongest colors the amount of the sacrifice she was about to make—not with a purpose of deterring her, but from a sense of duty—that she might make this sacrifice with a full knowledge of its cost—a cost far dearer than she dreamed of. He depicted the advantages of wealth, station, attendance, refined society, leisure for the elegant pursuits of literature, the arts, and travel; and, in short, every good thing that gold can buy, for the favored daughter of fortune. With this he contrasted the trials that beset the rough road of a sensitive and delicate girl, compelled to seek her own living. The hard toil, the scanty remuneration, the insulting assumption, or the still more insulting condescension, of many of the would-be fine ladies and gentlemen—the vulgar genteel portion of the class it would be her lot to serve.

“Can you, my delicate Julie—can you endure this hard, soul-crushing poverty?”

“The Son of man had not where to lay his adorable head, my father,” she answered, with holy gentleness; “thank God, that he has at last given me something to bear for his sake.”

“And the loss of caste, my little aristocrat; the abandonment of you by your peers in society—for the wise and good will neglect you in thoughtlessness, as the wicked and foolish will from pride and scorn, and you will be left alone. Can you hear this, too?”

“Jesus was despised and rejected of men. The servant is not greater than her Master.”

Her face was kindling with inspiration.

He gazed upon the rapt countenance of the young saint a moment, and then he took her slender hand, and said, gravely—

“And if, upon this account, Henry Bland abandons you, my Julie?”

The light faded from her face, her voice was sinking, as she murmured—

“He will never do that, my father.”

“My child, he will—he *has*.”

She turned pale, and sunk back in her chair, as she whispered, in nearly inaudible tones—

“Father, is this so—do *you* vouch for this?”

“Julie, I had a conversation with Judge Bland yesterday, in which I felt it my duty to tell him of our purpose of freeing these negroes, and the great change it would make in your fortune. He left me with a very thoughtful brow; and this morning, Julie, I received this letter from Henry Bland. Listen, and *despise* him, as I do.”

He opened the letter, and read:

FROSTVILLE, *December* 26, 181—.

GENERAL DENT: After mature deliberation upon the subject-matter of the conversation that passed between my father, Judge Bland, and yourself, in your library, yester day morning, I feel constrained, under the circumstances, to resign all pretensions and claim to the honor of Miss Dent's hand, and to the distinction of General Dent's connection.

With high respect for Miss Dent and yourself, I remain your servant, HENRY BLAND.

He finished reading, and closed the letter.

“Well, Julie! Can you hear this, too?”

She folded her hands meekly on her bosom, and murmured—

“Jesus was crucified. Even so, Father, for it seemed good in thy sight;” and then her hands fell upon her lap. Her father gazed on her with a growing love; at last, in a glow of enthusiasm, he opened his arms to her, saying—

“Come to my bosom, my noble Julie! For Henry, you are well rid of him. I thank God that you have made a great escape. For the rest, you shall bear none of these things. I *have* a motive and strength for exertion *now*, my Hester's gentle child!”

And he *had*, and his child had imparted it. The old man roused himself up in his strength, like an old lion from his lair, full of vigor, and energy, and enterprise; and happier, far happier, than he had been for fifteen long years.

How admirable is strong old age! is that unfailing, undying, mental and moral energy, that seems to bid defiance to time or age to weaken or impair! such as we see in some of our own glorious old men, strong pillars of the Commonwealth, the patriarchs of National Legislation, who come here every winter. Honor and a full century to them!

Julie carried out her purpose of emancipation. Every man, woman, and child, to the number of three hundred, were freed. And then the land was sold. But the impoverished land brought but a low price. With this money they went to the West, where General Dent's distinguished political talents raised him to a high place in the State Government. He had been established out there two years, when he heard of the terrible doom of Juliette. The sickening horror of this news threw him into a brain fever, which brought him to the very brink of the grave. He recovered; but even now there are some names and places, which, if casually mentioned in his presence, turns him sick to faintness. Julie never guessed her crime or fate. He would never have darkened her fair soul with such an image of horror.

* * * * * * * * *

There is an elegant villa of white freestone on the banks of a Western river. It is the residence of General Dent, late Governor of the State of ———. He is eighty years old, and is still in the enjoyment of a green old age. I think he bids fair to make out his century. His falcon eye and steady aim can still bring down the wild turkey on the wing. He has the best library and the rarest collection of *virtu* in the West. Julie is thirty-eight years of age; she has been married several years, and her eldest daughter, Hester Grey, is fifteen. Her husband has represented his State in Congress for several years past. They all reside with General Dent.

Indulgent reader: I promised, at the commencement of this tale of real life, to illustrate a retribution that should grow out of the sin, as naturally as the fruit is produced from the germ; a retribution that should be the sin itself in its final stage of development. And this particular form of retribution I chose to depict, because, though *always* certain, *always* inevitable, it is seldom thought of. *Divine* retribution belongs to Eternity, and is distant and vague. *Human* retribution is uncertain, depending upon discovery and other fortuitous circumstances; but *Moral* retribution is as sure as life, as sure as death, as sure as the *sin* out of whose bosom it springs, as natural as the pain that follows the contact of fire. I have tried to show you how from the sin, domestic infidelity and treachery, sprung inevitably the punishment, domestic distrust and wretchedness. Human and Legal retribution we may elude by concealment; Divine retribution we may avert by a timely repentance; but Moral retribution we must *suffer;* and that, not by the arbitrary sentence of a despot, but by the natural action of an equitable law, old as Eternity, immutable as God.

Washington City, April 4, 1849.

From the National Intelligencer.

CALIFORNIA.

We are indebted to General Jesup for the annexed interesting Letter from California, addressed to him by Captain Folsom, of the Quartermaster General's Department, and which we insert to the exclusion of some articles previously prepared for our editorial column:

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA,
January 23, 1849.

MY DEAR SIR: A vessel is to leave for Mazatlan in a few days, and I take the opportunity thus offered for sending a hasty letter. Since my last private communication, nothing has occurred to change the general views I then expressed in relation to California. Within the last few weeks, much has been said and done in regard to the organization of a Provisional Government for this Territory. Several villages have appointed delegates to attend a Convention for the arrangement of fundamental laws for the country; and other elections are now understood to be taking place in the remote parts of the country. It is proposed to have the Convention assembled at the Pueblo de San Jose, about sixty miles from this place, on the 4th of March, but I believe it will be found impossible to assemble all the delegates at that time, and it will probably be found expedient to defer the meeting until it is known that the present Congress has not acted on the question of a Territorial Government. This will probably throw the whole question back more or less, and I think the meeting will not occur before the middle of April, and not at all, should Congress have acted. At this time, this is a most important question to every citizen of California; for life and property are and will continue to be unsafe in this Territory until Congress gives us a stable Government. The fact is brought feelingly home to the apprehension of every intelligent man, that there is no Government and no law in California. A general feeling of insecurity depresses the whole population, and operates most injuriously upon all classes of society. Crowds of men are flocking from all quarters of the country, and among them are many persons of bad character and desperate fortunes; and everything about them affords a reasonable assurance that every kind of villany may be practiced with impunity throughout the Territory.

The only tribunals which have attempted any jurisdiction in cases of murder, &c., some months past, are those formed for the occasion, as it arises; and offenders generally escape, or, if they are taken, it is amidst the phrensy of popular excitement, where the guilty and innocent may be victims together. Several executions have taken place in pursuance of this kind of law, and it is supposed that several others will be announced by the next mail from the south. In the mean time, outrages are occurring in all quarters of the country, and the public astonishment has scarcely subsided after one murder has transpired before another is committed more horrible than the first. House-breaking, thefts, and robberies, are of almost hourly occurrence. This state of things must continue until we have the firm and steady rein of government extended over the Territory by Congress. I have no expectation that a Provisional Government (should it go into operation, and this cannot be the case in less than a year from this time) would be found adequate to the public wants. The materials for organizing a stable Government do not exist in the country at this time, and, of such as there are, the best cannot be commanded for the business. The most respectable men, who are engaged in lucrative enterprises in the country, quite foreign to politics, will not desert their own interests to take public stations which promise to yield little but vexation and annoyance, and, should the local organization go into operation, I very much doubt if it will produce any relief for the ills which now afflict the country. It will be temporary in its nature, and, having no permanent hold upon the community, it will be only a little better than no Government at all. Such has been the result of the provisional arrangement in Oregon, and such must be its result everywhere in new communities, composed of adventurers from almost every clime and country. Besides, the natives and foreigners have been accustomed to different institutions and religious, and a strong antipathy exists among the former for those whom they look upon as their conquerors and enemies. In the excitement of gold-digging, these various races and castes are brought into contact under circumstances which have more than once threatened to break out into open hostilities, and the ensuing summer the danger of such an occurrence will be increased an hundred fold, in consequence of the augmentation of numbers, and the constant accession of emigrants who are more reckless, adventurous, and dissolute, than their predecessors. If Congress has the well-being of this Territory in view, an immediate organization ought to take place, and such salaries should be given to the Territorial officers as to secure the highest order of talent and integrity. Any good workman can realize more from his labor in the mines than is given to our Territorial Governors by law, and what would be a very ample compensation in the United States would not afford a decent support in California. I believe the experience of every public officer who has been in this Territory within the last twelve months will be an endorsement of what I have said.

Within the last five or six weeks we have had weather of extraordinary severity. It is said to be the coldest season experienced here since that of 1823–4. In the gold mines the snow has been four feet deep, and at Sutter's Fort ice has formed three inches in thickness. Within two weeks the streets of this village have been repeatedly whitened with snow and hail; and the hills within eight, on the opposite side of the bay, (twelve miles distant,) have been capped with snow for the last fifteen days. Very heavy and protracted falls of rain have now swept off the snow from all the hills within sight; but high in the mountains, among the mines, it is thought that they have had nothing but snow. If so, it must have fallen to a very unusual depth. We now have cool winds and occasional rains, but the severity of the latter, it is believed, is now past. During the last winter we had no snow here, and only on one occasion, for two days, was there any in sight; and the falls of rain were much less heavy than those we have recently experienced.

As a general thing, the operations among the mines were suspended on the approach of winter; but large numbers of persons built log houses in the mountains, and, having laid in a winter's stock of provisions, continued among the mines for the prosecution of their business. It is now understood that the extraordinary severity of the weather has prevented them from effecting much, and there can be no doubt that much suffering will be the result. Many of the log houses were good, or at least comfortable, and some of the parties were tolerably well supplied with provisions and clothing. This remark, however, is not by any means of general application, and there can be no doubt that many are suffering for food, clothing, and shelter. After the winter rains have once set in, it is almost impossible to send goods into the mountains, and large numbers have, no doubt, been too reckless and improvident to foresee the consequences, and provide for them. Those who are now in the mountains are almost exclusively Indians (indigenous population) and foreigners, or emigrants. The Spaniards and Californians have retired to their ranchos, or to the various towns about the country, to await the return of spring. Many of the people who have emigrated from Oregon are in the mines.

A great stagnation in business has occurred since winter set in, and prices of goods have fallen in consequence. Vessels arriving at this time find an inconsiderable market, and it will continue bad until there is a tendency towards the mines, in March, when new supplies must go in that direction. Within the last ten days, six or eight vessels have arrived from Mexico and the west coast of South America; and we hear of more than forty which are likely to follow them from Chili and Peru, with about 3,000 emigrants. Every vessel which leaves takes away a rich freight of gold, and there are still very large amounts of it in the country. I am satisfied that more than $3,000,000 of gold has been taken from the mines up to this time; and that $2,000,000 have been taken away from the country, mostly to foreign countries for a market. I have no doubt that $1,500,000 worth will have been shipped from this port alone.

These facts ought to convince the most incredulous, that the Government needs a mint at this place, to coin the gold produced by the mines, thereby protecting its own interests, and those of American citizens residing in this territory. We hear officially from Chili, that a very large amount of spurious coin is about to be shipped from Peru and Bolivia, to be put into circulation on this coast in exchange for gold, and through the custom-houses. By giving what may appear to be a high price for gold dust, it would not be strange to find the community defrauded out of their property. At present gold dust is selling for about $13.50 per ounce troy; but it would not be surprising, should the holders of spurious coin force it into circulation, by giving a nominal consideration of $17 per ounce for gold. There is no proper authority here to expose a fraud of this kind in its inception, or to make an assay of the coin supposed to be base.

We learn by letters from Mazatlan, that there will be 30,000 people starting in the spring across the Rocky Mountains for California. Of course the report is an exaggeration; for, should that number of people start, they would require at least 120,000 animals to take them over the mountains; and it would be impossible to subsist more than one-third part of that number on the route usually travelled. I have conversed with many who have crossed the desert, and they all concur in this opinion. On a large portion of the road vegetation is only found in small isolated patches; and the limited emigrations of former years have consumed the verdure, even to the last blade of grass. If this is the case when there are but six or eight thousand animals, what are we to expect when 100,000, or even 50,000, start upon the route? Many horses, mules, and oxen, are annually abandoned on the journey, so reduced by hunger as to be unable to proceed. What, then, must be the consequence, when such vast herds of animals are started upon the same road? The loss of their animals would cause thousands to be shut up in the mountains amidst the snows of winter, and we should have the scenes of starvation and cannibalism which occurred two years since, repeated on a more extended and terrible scale. I believe this is not mere speculation; and should the emigrants take the best possible precautions for their safety, and that of their animals, such a number of people could not reach here by that road in one year. Those who come late in the season might take the Santa Fe trace, and enter the country by the Gila river in the winter or fall, the only period of the year when that route is practicable for large parties having many animals in their train. It is said that large emigrations will take place from New Mexico and some of the Mexican States in that quarter, and it would not be safe to rely too confidently upon the resources of that route. We now have news of an emigration from New Mexico being on the road, and one of more than two thousand people from Sonora now coming in. I believe the steamers, via Panama, will afford a more certain, expeditious, and comfortable way of reaching California than any other; and for emigrants in the Eastern, Middle, and Southern States, it will probably be the cheapest. Where families are coming with the intention of remaining in the country, I believe the voyage round Cape Horn is preferable in all respects to a journey across the mountains. It is cheaper, safer, and more comfortable, and quite as expeditious, generally speaking, as that over the mountains; and for emigrants leaving the Eastern and Middle States, far preferable to any route except that across the Isthmus at Panama by the new line of steamers.

The trade of the country is rapidly increasing, in consequence of the mines and the great influx of population. For several months past, the average amount of duties collected at this port, exclusive of the expenses of the custom-house, has been rising $30,000, and it is thought that it will exceed $60,000 the present month. It will be safe, I think, to put the revenue of California, for the current year, at $1,000,000, and four-fifths of this will be collected at this port. The amount paid is becoming a subject of comment; and the fact that a population paying such a tax has no Government and no representation is exciting very general dissatisfaction. Should Congress again adjourn without any action in relation to this Territory, it will create still more violent comment, and might lead to some measures on the part of the people of the country which would bring lasting disgrace upon our flag.

All the trade of the coast is fast concentrating in this bay. Nearly all the goods consumed in the lower part of this Territory are sent from this port; and, as soon as coasters can be got for the business, foreign vessels will not visit those ports at all. The introduction of steamers on the coast will give additional importance to this harbor; and it is most likely that much of the business of Oregon will be done here also.

In arranging Government establishments in California, I believe it will be found advisable to make this the only port of entry. This would foster American shipping interests in this ocean, and would be no injury to other points on the coast, as no foreign vessel goes to the other ports now, until after visiting this place, and, indeed, generally not at all. It would be the safest for the revenue, and would be the best possible arrangement to develop our commercial interests in the Pacific, as all this traffic would then be done by coasters. Much of the coast is well fitted for the operations of smugglers; and nothing can prevent them carrying on a fraudulent trade, if allowed to run along the whole coast. I have reason to know that Commodore Jones agrees with me in this matter; and he thinks that the best course would be to make but one port of entry in California for some years to come.

We are now expecting the first steamer here in about a month, and all look forward to their regular trips as a new era in the history of this coast. There are many persons here who will avail themselves of their rapid trips to remit gold dust to the States; and a certain, regular, and expeditious mail communication with the States will give great assistance to the mercantile community. It is generally believed that the business of the line will justify such an augmentation of boats as to allow of semi-monthly trips before the end of the present year; for it is presumed that an active emigration will take place from the Eastern and Middle States, via Panama.

I write in great haste, and beg that you will take the discordant matter I send you for what it is worth. I am, dear sir, yours truly,

J. L. FOLSOM.

Major-General Jesup, United States Army.

KNOW THYSELF.

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☞ Editors who copy this Prospectus will be entitled to an exchange. March 15.—4t

MASSACHUSETTS QUARTERLY REVIEW.

No. V.—DECEMBER, 1848.

CONTENTS.—The Political Destination of America. Legality of American Slavery. The Law of Evidence. The Works of Walter Savage Landor. A New Theory of the Effect of the Tides. Postal Reform. The Free Soil Movement. Short Reviews and Notices.

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Jan. 28.—tf JOHN W. NORTH.

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JAMES BIRNEY, Notary Public and Commissioner to take acknowledgments of deeds and depositions for the States of Maine, Vermont, Connecticut, Michigan, New Hampshire, Missouri, Illinois, Tennessee, New York, and Arkansas.
Jan. 6.—tf

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C. B. HENRY.
June 8.—1y E. WEBB.

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Jan. 4. W. H. MUSSEY, M. D.

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Terms of Court, Cook County, Illinois.

County court—first Monday in February, May, and October.

Circuit court—second Monday in June and November.

☞ Demands for suit should be on hand twenty days before the first day of each term. Feb. 3.—1 yr. gr.

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A LETTER to the Right Rev. L. Silliman Ives, Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the State of North Carolina: occasioned by his late Address to the Convention of his Diocese. By WILLIAM JAY. Third edition.

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Orders, accompanied by the cash, and directing by what conveyance they may be forwarded, will be promptly executed, by WILLIAM HARNED,
April 13. 61 John Street, New York.

AGENCY FOR PATENTS, WASHINGTON, D. C.

ZENAS C. ROBBINS, Mechanical Engineer and Solicitor for Patents, will prepare the necessary Drawings and Papers for Applicants for Patents, and transact all other business in the line of his profession at the Patent Office. He can be consulted on all questions relating to the Patent Laws and decisions in the United States or Europe. He will procure rehearings on rejected applications for Patents, discover and point out the novel features—if there be any—and prepare new papers and obtain Patents in all cases where there is any novelty involved. Persons at a distance, desirous of having examinations made at the Patent Office, prior to making application for a Patent, may forward (post paid, enclosing a fee of five dollars) a clear statement of their case, when immediate attention will be given to it, and all the information that could be obtained by a visit of the applicant in person, relating to the novelty of their invention, and the requisite steps to be taken to obtain a Patent therefor—should it prove to be new—will be promptly forwarded to them by mail.

All letters on business must be post paid, and enclose a suitable fee where a written opinion is required.

☞ Office on F street, opposite the Patent Office.

He has the honor of referring, by permission, to—
Hon. H. L. Ellsworth, late Commissioner of Patents;
Hon. Julius Rockwell, Massachusetts;
Hon. Willis Hall, New York;
Hon. Robert Smith, Illinois;
Hon. J. A. Rockwell, Connecticut:
And to the following testimonial from the Hon. Commissioner of Patents:

WASHINGTON, *November* 28, 1848.

To all whom it may concern:

During the time I have filled the office of Commissioner of Patents, and for some time previous, Zenas C. Robbins, Esq., has followed the business of Patent Solicitor in this city, and has been in the daily prosecution of business in the line of his profession at the Patent Office.

I am well acquainted with Mr. Robbins personally, and believe him to be a man of integrity and ability, to whom persons at a distance may safely intrust their business. I am pleased to have the opportunity to say that he is faithful to the interests of his clients, and has been, thus far, very successful in the practice of his profession.

Jan. 11. EDMUND BURKE.

OFFICE FOR PATENTS.

P. H. WATSON, Attorney and Solicitor of Patents, *Washington, D. C.*, prepares Specifications and Drawings, and solicits Letters Patent for new inventions, in this country and Europe, and transacts with promptness, and for a moderate fee, all business belonging to his profession.

A comprehensive experience as a *practical Mechanic* enables him readily to understand the nature of an invention from a rough drawing and description, which being sent to him by letter, the Inventor may be informed whether his invention be patentable, and how to proceed to obtain a patent without the expense and trouble of coming in person to Washington.

A residence near the Patent Office, where he can at all times have access to Models, Drawings, Records, and other sources of information that do not exist elsewhere, enables him to furnish more full and reliable information, to draw up specifications that will more completely secure the rights of the inventor, and to transact business, in general, with greater accuracy and dispatch than could possibly be done, were he less favorably located.

Models can be sent with entire safety through the Express.

For evidence of his competency and integrity, he would respectfully refer to all those for whom he has transacted business.

Letters must be post paid.

Office on F street, opposite the Patent Office.

Oct. 26.—*tl1

GLENHAVEN WATER CURE.

THIS new and commodious establishment for the treatment, by Water, of Disease, is open to receive Patients. It is situated at the head of Skaneatelea Lake, ten miles north of Homer, and two and a half miles from the village of Scott, in the State of New York. The house is large, commodious, and newly built. The springs are four in number, three of which rise on the mountain, on the west side of the Lake, six hundred feet above its level. They are pure, soft, very cold, and abundant. The scenery is very romantic, and the situation, for the invalid, delightfully inviting. Dr. S. O. Gleason and lady have charge of the medical department, and will give their attention exclusively to those seeking health at the “Cure.” James C. Jackson and wife take charge of the business and home department; and all letters having reference to business, or to admission, should be addressed to Mr. Jackson, and the postage paid, when they will receive due attention. A general supervision of the means of comfort and the welfare of the patients is in the hands of a young lady who has been greatly benefited under the hydropathic treatment. We can accommodate nicely, for the winter, some fifteen or twenty patients. Our sitting room and dining hall are spacious, and front the Lake. Those wishing to try the Water treatment had better apply without delay, as in most cases winter treatment is equally successful with summer treatment, and in many cases greatly superior as a means of cure; and an early application will secure the best opportunities for location as regards rooms.

TERMS.—Five dollars per week, payable weekly. Patients wishing fire other than in the sitting room, can have one in their rooms, but will be charged each one dollar per week extra. Those wishing to occupy rooms singly, and have fire in them, will pay ten dollars per week, payable weekly. Washing and ironing in the institution, fifty cents per dozen pieces. Each patient must have one linen sheet a yard and a half square, two woollen blankets, three cotton comfortables, four towels, and old linen for bandages.
JACKSON, GLEASON, & CO.
Glenhaven, December 1, 1847. April 6.

JUST PUBLISHED,

A NEW Anti-Slavery Work, entitled *The Black Code of the District of Columbia*, in force September 1st, 1848; by Worthington G. Snethen, Counsellor at Law, Washington City. Published by the American and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society, and for sale at No. 61 John street, New York, by WILLIAM HARNED, Publishing Agent. Price, 25 cents per copy, and 25 per cent. discount to booksellers—invariably cash.

☞ The author of the present work has nearly completed, for publication, the *Black Code* of each of the States in the Union. That of Maryland will next make its appearance.

New York, Oct. 19, 1848.

FARM FOR SALE.

FOR SALE, a Farm, half a mile from, and commanding an excellent view of, the flourishing town of Salem, Columbiana county, Ohio, containing eighty acres, well improved. It has a large brick house, two frame barns, an orchard of grafted fruit trees, an inexhaustible supply of the best of soft water in wells and springs, a well of soft water in the kitchen. House and yard well shaded with trees. A healthy and beautiful country seat. JONAS D. CATTELL,
Feb. 3.—tf Salem, Ohio.

THE BROWNSVILLE WATER CURE ESTABLISHMENT.

DRS. BAELS AND MASON, in returning their grateful acknowledgments to the friends of the Institution, and to a discerning public in general, for the liberal patronage hitherto received, announce at the same time that they have made essential improvements in the interior as well as exterior of the establishment, during last fall and winter, which will greatly enhance the comforts and amusements of invalids who intend to visit this place during the ensuing summer.

All of the prevailing diseases are treated here, and they will endeavor to keep up the reputation the establishment has won through the West, by strict attention to patients that intrust themselves under their care.

As the number of places is still limited, application should be made beforehand, postpaid. In order to undergo the treatment, patients have to provide themselves with two woollen blankets, two cotton sheets, three comfortables or a light feather bed, and six towels. Terms, six dollars per week, exclusive of washing. March 15.—4m

GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE—1849

G. R. GRAHAM, J. R. CHANDLER, AND J. B. TAYLOR, EDITORS.

THE January number of Graham's Magazine—the first number of the New Volume—is now ready for the mails and for shipments to agents. The Publishers and Editors, while expressing satisfaction in the extraordinary success with which their efforts to elevate the character of the periodical literature of the country have been crowned, respectfully offer a statement of their preparations for the New Volume. It is well known that no other Magazine ever published in the English language has presented such an array of illustrious contributors. Bryant, Cooper, Paulding, Herbert, Longfellow, Hoffman, Willis, Fay, Simms, constitute alone a corps greater than any ever before engaged for a single work. An examination of our last volumes will show that these distinguished writers have all furnished for this miscellany articles equal to the best they have given to the world. They, with our other old contributors, will continue to enrich our pages with their productions; and several eminent authors who have not hitherto appeared in our pages will hereafter be added to the list. Of course, therefore, all attempts to compete with Graham's Magazine, in its literary character, will be unsuccessful. In every department, the highest talent in the country will be enlisted, and no effort spared to maintain its present reputation as the leading literary periodical of America.

TERMS.

Great inducements to Postmasters and Clubs, unequaled by those of any other Establishment.

For three dollars, in advance, (par money in the States from which it is remitted,) one copy of Graham for one year, and mezzotint portraits, on proof sheets, of Gen. Taylor, Gen. Butler, Gen. Scott, Gen. Worth, and Capt. Walker. These pictures, properly framed, will make a valuable set of parlor or library pictures. They are engraved from undoubted originals, by the best artists, and are of themselves worthy the price of a year's subscription to Graham's Magazine. Or, at the option of the subscriber remitting three dollars, we will send any three of Miss Pickering's or Mrs. Grey's popular works, or a magnificent print, from the burin of a celebrated English artist.

For five dollars, two copies yearly, and a set of the portraits above named, to each subscriber.

For ten dollars, five copies yearly, and a copy of the Magazine to the postmaster or other person forming the club.

For twenty dollars, eleven copies, and a set of the portraits to each subscriber, and a copy of the Magazine to the person forming the club. Dec. 28.

BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL,

UNDER the direction of Miss A. G. Snow and E. J. Thompson, Summer street, corner of Schuylkill Sixth street, opposite the Church, Philadelphia.

TERMS PER QUARTER.

Junior Class.—Spelling, Reading, Writing, Geography, History, Arithmetic, and the Elements of Philosophy and Physiology—from $5 to $7.

Intermediate Class.—Continuation of the above, with French, Grammar, Composition, Botany, Natural History, Latin, and Drawing—from $8 to $12.

Senior Class.—Continuation of English and French studies, Ancient and Modern History and Geography, Mythology, Moral and Intellectual Philosophy, Astronomy, Geology and Chemistry, Rhetoric, Algebra, Geometry, Evidences of Christianity, Butler's Analogy, with the standard Poetical Works—from $12 to $20.

EXTRAS

Piano Forte, $10 to $20 per quarter.
Harp, $15 to $25 per quarter.
Guitar, $10 to $15 per quarter.
Painting in Water Colors, $5 to $10 per quarter.
Painting in Oil Colors, $10 to $15 per quarter.
The Italian, Spanish, and German Languages, each, $5 per quarter.
The higher branches of mathematics, $10 per quarter.
Board and Tuition, $40 to $60 per quarter.
Fuel for the season, $2.

The school will reopen on the 1st of September. Quarters of eleven weeks.

Pupils will be charged only from the time they commence their studies.

Young ladies, not members of the school, may receive instruction in any of the above branches.

REFERENCES.

Rev. Dr. Ducachet; Rev. Kingston Goddard; Rev. N. S. Harris; Matthew L. Bevan, Esq.; Hon. John Swift, mayor of Philadelphia; Professor Dunglison, of Jefferson College; Hon. Edmund Burke, Washington, D. C.; Miss Mary Lyon, Principal of the Mount Holyoke Female Seminary, South Hadley, Mass. Aug. 24.—o
Philadelphia, August, 1848.

FITS! FITS!! FITS!!!

DR. HART'S VEGETABLE EXTRACT.

THE astonishing success which has attended the use of this invaluable medicine for epileptic fits, (or falling sickness,) spasms, cramps, convulsions, &c., renders it the most valuable medicine ever discovered. In fact, as a remedy for the above diseases, it stands unrivalled and alone. There is no other reliable remedy.

TEETHING, WORMS,

or costiveness, will produce this disorder. In all such cases, the Vegetable Extract is the only medicine which can be relied on with any degree of safety. Mothers who have small children should remember this.

MANY A CHILD,

the past year, who has suffered with this complaint, and has been given over by physicians to die, has been restored by the use of but one bottle of Dr. Hart's Vegetable Extract.

From the Cincinnati Commercial.

REMARKABLE CURE.

The following certificate was given to Messrs. Thomas & Miles, Dr. Hart's agents for the sale of his Vegetable Extract, for the cure of epileptic fits or falling sickness. We are induced to give it a place in our editorial columns, from the fact that it is the only known medicine that will cure epilepsy, at the same time believing it to be one of the greatest discoveries in medical science. Physicians and men of science of all ages have been trying to discover a remedy for this disease, but all has been in vain until the present discovery of Dr. Hart; and we would now say to those afflicted with fits, despair no longer, for there is hope.

CINCINNATI, *August* 26, 1848.

GENTLEMEN: It is almost impossible for language to express with what heartfelt satisfaction I address these few lines to you, for the purpose of informing you of the beneficial results that have been effected by the use of Dr. Hart's Vegetable Extract.

My son, aged twelve years, has been severely afflicted with epileptic fits, and with such severity that the opinion was, he could not be cured.

In one of his paroxysms, he fell and broke his arm. I called in Dr. Mulford, a very eminent physician, who re-set it. He informed me that my son's nervous system was very much deranged, and that it would be impossible to cure him of epilepsy, as epileptic fits were almost incurable, and employing physicians in his case would be only throwing money away.

I called upon Dr. Pultee; he informed me that the disease had assumed a chronic form, and it would take a long time to cure him, if he could be cured at all.

He became worse and worse, and I began to think there was no cure for him, until I saw the advertisement of Dr. Hart's Vegetable Extract in one of our city papers, with certificates from persons who had been afflicted for ten, fifteen, twenty, thirty, and even forty years and restored to health by the use of the Extract.

I called at your store, and, after conversing with Mr. Thomas, I came to the conclusion to purchase a three dollar package. It did little or no good. I thought I would try another, from the use of which I perceived some little benefit.

I then came to the conclusion to purchase a ten dollar box. I found that it was of so much service to him I was induced to purchase the second. And I am truly thankful that I did so, as by the use of the ten packages he has been restored to perfect health.

Should any person feel desirous of seeing him, and ascertaining farther particulars, I should be pleased to gratify them by their calling on me at my residence, southwest corner of Fourth and Park streets, Cincinnati, Ohio.

ISAAC N. PERKINS.

Messrs. THOMAS & MILES, 169 Main street, Cincinnati, Ohio, agents for Dr. Hart's Vegetable Extract, for the cure of epileptic fits.

A VOICE FROM KENTUCKY.

The following letter was sent to Dr. Hart, from a father whose daughter, aged seven years, had from two to sixteen epileptic fits per day. The original letter can be seen by calling on Thomas & Miles, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Extract from Mr. Bettis's Letter.

BRACKEN COUNTY, KY., *November* 2, 1848.

DEAR SIR: My daughter was seven years of age on the 26th of last October. In August last she was suddenly attacked with spasms and convulsions, and from the first part of August until she commenced taking the Vegetable Extract, four weeks, she never missed having from two to

SIXTEEN EPILEPTIC FITS

per day. I employed three eminent physicians without her deriving any benefit whatever. Hearing of the cures performed by the use of the Vegetable Extract, I called upon Messrs. Seaton & Sharp, your agents for Maysville, and purchased

ONE PACKAGE,

described to them the situation of my child, who for seven weeks of time had lost her power of speech, but her reason was still good. I can say, sir, with indescribable joy, that one package

CURED MY CHILD.

She has not had a fit since the second day she commenced taking the medicine. Several of my neighbors, who were witness to the almost miraculous efficacy of your medicine, are willing to testify to the above.

I remain yours, respectfully,
ARCHIBALD BETTIS.

To Dr. S. HART, New York.

Extract of a Letter received from Messrs. Seaton & Sharp.

MAYSVILLE, *November* 22, 1848.

GENTLEMEN: Your favor of the 18th is received, enclosing a letter from Mr. Bettis to Dr. Hart. The statement in regard to the purchase, &c., is substantially correct, and we have no doubt but that the effect of the medicine on his child was as described by him.

Yours, respectfully,
SEATON & SHARP.

Messrs. THOMAS & MILES, Cincinnati, Ohio.

A PHYSICIAN'S TESTIMONY.

In reference to the almost miraculous efficacy of this valuable medicine, we would refer the afflicted to the following testimony of Dr. J. Dart, one among the many eminent Physicians of Cincinnati:

CINCINNATI, *November* 24, 1848.

GENTLEMEN: In justice to Dr. Hart, I feel it my duty to send you the following, with permission to make use of it as you may deem advisable.

My child was severely afflicted with epileptic fits for nearly eight months. At times, he would have from twelve to fifteen fits in twenty-four hours.

Almost every kind of medicines generally used by physicians, for this most distressing complaint, was tried without any beneficial results.

In May last, I came to the conclusion to try Dr. Hart's Vegetable Extract. I called at your store, and purchased one package. I have the pleasure to inform you that the

ONE PACKAGE CURED HIM,

after all other medicines had failed.

My principal object in sending this communication is that those who are themselves or who have children thus afflicted may be induced to give it a trial, as I feel assured it will cure many cases of epilepsy, if taken and persevered in according to directions.

Should any person feel desirous of ascertaining further particulars in reference to my child's case, I should be pleased to have them call upon or address me, post paid, at my residence. I remain yours, truly,

J. DART, M. D.,
Third street, between Stone and Wood, N. S.

To Messrs. THOMAS & MILES, 169 Main street, Cincinnati, agents for the sale of Dr. S. Hart's Vegetable Extract, for the cure of epilepsy.

☞ Prepared by S. HART, M. D., New York.

Price: One package - - - - - -	$3.00
Four package - - - - - -	10.00
Eight packages - - - - - -	20.00

☞ It is carefully packed up in boxes for transportation, and sent to any part of the United States, Mexico, and West Indies.

THOMAS & MILES,

No. 169 Main street, Cincinnati, Ohio, General Agents for the United States, to whom all communications must be addressed, post paid.

A. B. & D. Sands, 100 Fulton street, New York.
Abel Tompkins, 38 Cornhill, Boston.
Seth S. Hance, 108 Baltimore street, Baltimore.
L. Wilcox, jun., Diamond and Market streets, Pittsburg.
Gad Chapin, Eighth and Market streets, Louisville.
E. & H. Gaylord, Cleveland. Fay & Kilbourne, Columbus.
Henry Blaksly & Co., St. Louis.
S. Wright & Co., New Orleans.
David Bugbee, Bangor. J. H. Reed & Co., Chicago.
David Craighead, Indianapolis. E. L. Hollidge, Buffalo.
Charles Stott, Washington, D. C.
H. D. Wade & Co., Rochester.

And for sale by most of the principal Druggists and Merchants throughout the United States, Canada, and the West Indies. Nov. 16—eowly